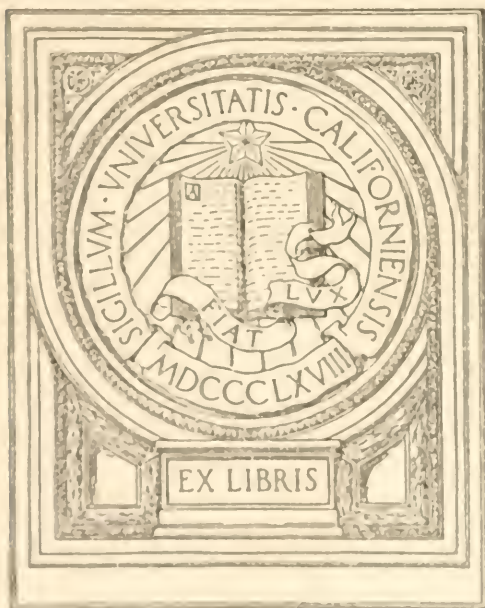


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The Life of
John William Walshe



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The Life of
John William Walshe
F.S.A.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY
MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL

AUTHOR OF "IN TUSCANY," ETC



NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & CO.
1902

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TO
MY SISTER FRANCES
I DEDICATE
THIS STORY OF A HIDDEN LIFE

M. C.

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INTRODUCTION

EXTRACT from the will of Philip Ægidius Walshe, Esquire, dated 24th October 1900, who died on the 16th April 1901.

“I bequeath to my friend Montgomery Carmichael, Esquire, all my books, letters, papers, memoranda and manuscripts, and I appoint the said Montgomery Carmichael executor of this my will as to the said books, letters, papers, memoranda and manuscripts hereinbefore bequeathed to him.”

The will of my friend Philip Walshe has put me in possession of a large and extraordinary collection of valuable MSS., and has at the same time laid upon me a task of no little delicacy and difficulty. These MSS. are the voluminous works of his father, the late Mr. John William Walshe, F.S.A., who died on the 2nd July 1900, aged sixty-three, at Assisi, in Umbria, where he had passed the latter half of his life. Mr. Walshe was well known to scholars as perhaps the greatest living authority on matters Fran-

ciscan: otherwise he had practically no fame. The busy world, at all events, knew him not. Mr. Walshe was possessed by the idea that a book should have about it a note of finality, but so constant, so great, so surprising were his discoveries, that a humble fear of giving to the world imperfect work seems to have withheld him from publication. The MSS. which are now in my possession have been added to copiously, though happily without obscurity or confusion, for Mr. Walshe was the soul of method. And so it happens that, with the exception of some essays and reviews, and numerous contributions to "Search and Research," Mr. Walshe published nothing.

The MSS. which have been bequeathed to me consist of the following volumes, neatly written on foolscap paper with a wide margin:—

(1) Twenty-three volumes of notes, carefully indexed, on St. Francis and Franciscan subjects. This rare scholar was innocent of the arm-chair, and always read *la plume à la main*.

(2) Eleven further volumes of notes, three on Liturgical matters, five on Heraldry, one on Logic, and two on Palæography. Out of these might be compiled an excellent practical guide

to the Roman Liturgy, a concise grammar of Heraldry, a full primer of Logic, and a sufficient manual of Palæography.

(3) A Life of St. Francis of Assisi, severely critical, and divided, after the manner of Papini, into two volumes, the first containing those facts relating to the Saint of which we have certain knowledge, and the second containing dubious or uncertain matter, or positive facts of which we cannot yet determine the chronology. There is also a third volume on the "Sources," and a fourth of "Pièces Justificatives," the former a marvel of erudition, the latter a model of careful and lucid editing. I anticipate that the last two volumes will attract more attention than the "Life" itself. Mr. Walshe's "History of St. Francis of Assisi" is the most elaborate of all his works. I have turned over the MS. pages with a reverent hand, for the loving care, the tender solicitude, the scrupulous anxiety, and the fine scholarship of its modest author are apparent on every page. And yet I fear the book would be but little read if published. It is too elaborate, too monumental, too severely critical, but as a source of information to others it is of quite incalculable value.

(4) A Life of St. Clare of Assisi. This is indeed a most remarkable little book, not running, upon a rough calculation, to more than 40,000 words. In it Mr. Walshe seems another person to quite a startling degree. No doubt the book contains all we may know about Clare the Virgin, but the writer's critical method is absent. He comes before us here with a simple work of love, breathing all the sweet peace, the angelic purity, the seraphic ardour of the Cloister of St. Damian's, and moreover, it is written with a limpid simplicity and purity of style that belongs to the subject itself, and recalls in its persuasive fervour that gentlest of hagiographers, the Rev. Alban Butler. But I ceased to wonder how Mr. Walshe could possibly have written it after I had read his son's Memoir of him.

(5) Six volumes of a Chronicle of the Order of Friars Minor, which only reaches to the days of Michael of Cesena, seventeenth Minister-General of the Order (1316-1328). I think that it is important and valuable, but dare not yet, of my own knowledge, assess either the value or importance. I shall certainly publish it last in order of all the works.

(6) A wonderful "Bibliographia Seraphica."

This is arranged in a specially constructed box containing twelve drawers. The entries are written upon stoutish cards $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 6 inches—an elastic system which admits of any number of additions while retaining perfect alphabetical order. In most cases one card has sufficed for each book, but no space is spared to describe fully all the larger works. The twenty-six volumes of Wadding and his continuators, for instance, require twelve cards, and the five volumes of De Gubernatis seven. Every word on a title-page—even down to the “*Permissu Superiorum*”—is copied out, and in the case of rare books there is a note of the libraries in which Mr. Walshe had seen them. In fact, the bibliography is enriched with copious annotations after the manner of Fra Marcellino da Civezza,¹ but there is much matter not to be found in the “*Bibliografia Sanfrancescana*,” in Gaetano di Giovanni,² or in Chevalier’s “*Répertoire*.”³ The

¹ *Saggio di Bibliografia, Geografica, Storica, Etnografica, Sanfrancescana*, by Fr. Marcellino da Civezza, M.O. Prato, 1879, pp. xiv.-698.

² *San Francesco d'Assisi*, by Gaetano di Giovanni. Girgenti, 1883. *Appendice Seconda : Bibliografia Biografica Sanfrancescana*, pp. 81-121.

³ *Répertoire des Sources Historiques du Moyen Age : Bio-Bibliographie*. Paris, 1877-1886. *Complément Supplément*, 1888. For St. Francis, see cols. 765-767, and Supplément cols. 2588-2590.

note "Bib. Jo. Gul. W." in the left-hand corner of a card indicates that that particular book is in Mr. John William Walshe's own library, and it is surprising in how many it occurs. I suppose he must have had as complete a Franciscan library as any in the world.

(7) A Bibliography of Franciscan Codexes. Mr. Walshe had travelled in Belgium, France, Spain and Portugal in special search of Franciscan rarities. Needless to say that each codex—and there are some three hundred of them—is fully described in the most approved fashion.

This, in rough outline, is the rich literary legacy which I have inherited. Mr. Walshe had appointed his son Philip as his literary executor, but my poor friend survived his father less than a year. He had, however, been busy on the arrangement of the papers, and, better still, had written a Memoir of his father to precede a complete edition of his works. This Memoir has also come into my possession. After careful consideration, I have decided to publish it separately, and before any of the other works, so that the world may come to know something of one who shunned its favours that he might leave it a rich heritage of precious knowledge, and be the better

prepared for his works when they shall appear. I think I shall in this way best serve the father's fame and the son's wishes.

I ought also to add that Mr. Walshe left two volumes of "Recollections,"¹ and several volumes of a Diary. My friend's instructions to me in a separate letter are not to publish these for twenty years after the 1st January 1901, unless for grave urgent reasons I should think it advisable. The "Recollections" consist mainly of a minute history of his childish and boyish years. The Diary was begun in 1861 after he had settled in Italy, and is continued to the time of his death. It contains much relating to the history of the Church in Italy for a period of nearly forty years; but is full of intimate thoughts upon religion, pious aspirations, and praises of the goodness of God and the affability of His Saints.

One word about Philip himself. He was born near Lucca, where Mr. Walshe then re-

¹ There is a note prefixed to them stating that he had writ thus much about his unworthy self to show his two boys how lovingly God will lead a soul through many tribulations to a knowledge of Himself and His truth. An entry in the diary shows that they were undertaken, like St. Theresa's autobiography, by command of his spiritual director.

sided, in 1862. He was educated at Stonyhurst and Feldkirch, and was destined for the Church, for which, however, he had no sort of vocation. He remained but a year in the English College at Rome, and at twenty-four years of age returned home to Assisi while they should consider what profession he was to adopt. He never adopted any, but subsided quietly into helping his father. I first met him at Assisi ten years ago, and we immediately became intimate. He used to stay in England with me after that, and when I came to settle in Italy, I was often over at Assisi in prosecution of my own studies. I need really say no more of him at present. The candour of his soul, his intellectual qualities, his staunch affectionate nature, are all transparent in the Memoir in spite of himself. And of the Memoir itself I say nothing. How could I speak with impartiality of the work of one I loved so well? It has its obvious imperfections, its palpable limitations; the writer often fails, perhaps of set purpose, to give us that which we are waiting for and most of all wish to know. Then the book is unduly brief. That is partly accounted for by the fact that he has put his

pen through many an intimate page that I would fain have seen given to the world. Further, he who knew every stone of Assisi, and had for a lifetime mingled familiarly with its people, might have told us so much of the Seraphic city and its inhabitants; but again, he is concerned only with his father, and not with Assisi and the Assisiati. Yet another complaint: he has told us so much of the earlier, so little of the later life of Mr. Walshe. That, I think, will be quite intelligible to the candid reader. I think that my friend has realised, with unconscious art, that the judicious and benevolent, with whom alone he is concerned, will easily be able to fill up the blanks which he has left. Truth to tell, the Memoir is little better than a charcoal sketch, the mere ground-work of an elaborate picture still awaiting colour and all the benefits of the artist's final conception. But when we have stepped back to the right point of view—and surely that is everything—this outline sketch seems to me to have many of the merits of a completed picture. Whether Philip Walshe would ultimately have given it to the world in its present form, I know not. Perhaps not.

But he is dead, and his brother is dead; no single member of the family survives; and I am resolved to publish it as I find it, just as it came straight from a loyal, loving, filial heart. For in this book I read not the mere story of a life, but—rather that which may rarely be found—the true inward history of a soul, and I hope that the elect, by acclaiming this hidden treasure, may declare that I have done right and not wrong.

M. C.

LEGHORN, *December 8, 1901.*

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FRONTISPIECE

MR. WALSH'S PICTURE OF ST. FRANCIS

THE LIFE OF JOHN WILLIAM WALSHE

CHAPTER I

MY FATHER'S FATHER AND MOTHER

My father, Mr. John William Walshe, was born at Hale, near Manchester, the son of John Walshe, a well-to-do merchant in grey shirt-ings and such like piece-goods, and of Maria Bodley, his wife. Of my grandfather I know little that is interesting, and scarce anything that is pleasant. Old John Walshe I picture to have been hard and resolute, very irascible when thwarted, self-contained and self-sufficient, keenly intent upon gain, and entirely absorbed in business. He was a merchant—honest and honourable in his trade, but, frankly, nothing more.

But he seems to have had some fame for a good presence and fine manners, for on the Manchester Exchange they nick-named him

"The Duke," and, because none knew anything about him (for he was most reserved), the rumour got abroad that he was the illegitimate son of a Lancashire lord. He was fine in his attire, too, and very particular about the boots which covered his unusually small feet. I have his picture in water-colour, after the manner of Richard Dighton of Cheltenham, a tall man with good hard features, neat hands and feet, and thin lips; clad in a black frock-coat, black stock, white breeches strapped under black patent leather boots, white kid gloves, and a most wonderful high hat with short silk ends at the back of it. He loved heavy mahogany furniture and heavy ivory ornaments about the house, and his small library was all for show, chiefly illustrated books bound in a stout calf and securely locked away behind glass doors. In one matter alone was he profuse and generous—in the giving of dinners. These dinner-parties of his, if heavy and stolid as to the company, left a certain reputation behind them as being unequalled among the Manchester merchants of the eighteenth-thirties. Turtle dominated his idea of a dinner—turtle in soup and turtle in steaks—and no

dessert was properly ornamental in his estimation without a pyramidal dish of shaddocks and an abundance of fine guava jelly. He traded largely with the West Indies and with the Republics of Central America, and through his business connections there, imported turtle and shaddocks and guava jelly for his own use, and tamarinds for his wife's still-room.

My grandmother, Maria, whom I remember well, was a gentle timorous woman (or rather "creature"), irresolute in all but house affairs, and gushingly sentimental on principle. Yet was she simple enough in character, and she had no affectations save an occasional fainting fit. She had all the correct accomplishments of young ladies in the thirties: could speak French and recite Corneille; knew Italian, and wept over "*Le mie prigioni*;" embroidered with exquisite skill (I have her sampler, a monument of devoted patience); could accompany her sweet small voice on the harp, and sing Thomas Haynes Baily without her notes; and when called upon she could write original sentimental verse in her friends' albums.

Of her, too, I have a portrait—in oils, this one—and she certainly was a "most lovely

creature" in a conventional kind of way. She is dressed all in white muslin and gossamer, with a sky-blue sash and ribbons: the transparent figured sleeves of her gown show a pair of beautifully moulded arms: a noble sapphire set in brilliants holds the gown about her slender throat: a mass of untidy flaxen ringlets, done in the fashion of the period, fall around a face that languishes in the most approved manner: the eyes are blue, the mouth a rosebud: there is a dimple in the chin: and in the delicate white hands, tenderly pressed against her bosom, she holds a turtledove that looks up into her face with eyes less soft than her own. Altogether, a thing of gossamer and thin air she seems, a phantasy, a delicate elfin fragment of white cloud against a still summer sky. But this sentimental young lady was also a good practical housewife, could bake if need be, would make her own preserves and domestic remedies, carried her bunch of keys, and was ruler of her pantry and mistress in her still-room. Was she happy with my grandfather? I do not know. She kept a diary in which there is much sentimentality and some high-flown religious sentiment, which never

reaches the danger point of practical inconvenience: but complaint of my grandfather, or anybody, or anything, there is none. I doubt if it ever occurred to her that a woman, once married, had any right of complaint.

My grandmother's pedigree were easily made, and would go back without embellishments to the battle of Beaujé. She was of the Bodleys of Bodley Hall, in Salop, a county family whose arms are: vert, within a bordure gobony argent and gules, three stag-heads caboshed, two and one, of the second. Where my grandfather first met her, or how, I know not: neither do I know ought of the courtship, the marriage preliminaries, or the honeymoon. It surely speaks wonders for my grandfather's manners and bearing that the Squire of Bodley Hall should have allowed a daughter of his, in those days, to marry a non-armigerous trader in Manchester stuffs. For the Bodleys were not poor gentry, nor was John Walshe a merchant prince. There is certainly something more behind it all, but there is this also: that Maria Bodley, although he was just forty at the time of their marriage and she but a girl of twenty-two, was very much in love with the merchant.

6 MY FATHER'S FATHER AND MOTHER

The sentimental young ladies of the eighteen-thirties are a curious study to us of the nineteen-hundreds. They seem to have languished only upon given occasions, at stated times, and at justly chosen intervals. The very faculty of fainting upon events that warranted it seems to have been under sufficient control. Sentimentality was at all times an ornamental luxury subservient to practical matters, and if there was great relish in a faint, it was only indulged in if the house affairs admitted of it. The truth is that they were dominated by a very salutary domestic conscience, which kept them out of much mischief.

My sentimental grandmother was certainly the most practical and proud of housekeepers, ever busied about many things and troubled about none. I possess her wonderful book of "Useful Family Receipts," written out in that neat pointed sentimental hand of hers, in which I have seen so many extracts from Mrs. Hemans, and L.E.L., and Reginald Heber. 'Twas begun in 1829, when she was educating herself, and being educated, for the marriage state. Some day, when the long task of publishing my father's works is accomplished, I shall perhaps

give these receipts to the world: they would be valuable to the chronicler of domestic history. What quaint entries I find in the index: “To make Allum Whey,” “To make Ambrosia for the Breath,” “To Brew Ale or Beer in a tea-kettle,” “Parsnip Wine,” “Sir Wiliam Quinton’s receipt for Cold Beef,” “To make Dutch Blanc-Mange,” “Brewing without Malt,” “To form an Artificial Skin for people bed-ridden, suffering from rawness,” and so forth.

Just one or two of the receipts in full to show you how valuable they are. Do you suffer from asthma? Then take “two pounds of carrots, slice them very fine and boil them in two pints of water till the liquid is reduced to one pint. Strain it and drink the liquor at meals, or at any other times so as to consume the pint in a day.”

Or have you a “toe where the nail grows in”? Then know that the following is a certain, if rather heroic, remedy: “Take an equal quantity of burnt allum and resin, well mixed and powdered very fine, and when the place is very sore and moist, take a little of the powder and put it into the place with the end of a pen-knife, or anything you can get it in with, and

it will never after trouble you." (It is to be hoped not.)

A "pain in the stomach" may be removed by "one tablespoon of water to one of eau-de-cologne."

Here is a dainty that may be new to you: it is called "Tamarind Fish." "Fresh caught fish, being cleaned, is cut into small pieces and well mixed with tamarinds in a conserved state. The mixture is then put into jars, and in a short time the acid of the tamarind penetrates the fish completely, dissolving the bones and imparting to it a delicate garnet colour and delicious flavour. In India they fry pieces of this with rice for breakfast."

'Tis a delicate subject to touch upon, but my sentimental grandmother does not shrink from recording a "Cure for Corns": "One teaspoonful of tar, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of saltpetre. The whole to be warmed together and spread on kid leather the size of the corn, and in two days they will be drawn."

And to show you that there was no squeamishness about this young lady's languishing sentimentality, I give you the benefit of a "Sure Cure for Rheumatism," which she defines

as the "Gipsey's Prescription": "Fill a bottle with the largest earth-worms you can get; cork it tight, and put the bottle into a hot dung-pit, and they will dissolve to oil, with which rub the part affected."

How dim and forgotten is the world which all this recalls, yet how practical and worldly a world it was. These old receipts serve better than many long pages of description to conjure up the singular surroundings into which a scholar and a saint was born, and from which he emerged only through great tribulations and anguish of soul.

CHAPTER II

MY FATHER'S CHILDHOOD

My father was born, as I have said, at Hale, which you must know was very prettily situated at about seven miles from Manchester, but which may be now, for aught I know, over-studded with the modern high-art homes of Manchester managers and clerks. My grandfather lived in a big square brick house of two storeys and many narrow windows, built in the first year of Queen Anne. It was a house down upon the street, with a noble wrought-iron railing sweeping away upon either side of the oaken front door. Over the door itself was inserted in the masonry a stone bearing the date "A. D. 1702." Behind the house was an old square English garden, with a jungle of sweet-william and fine wall-fruit for the table, and at the back of this again a sufficient orchard for my grandmother's preserves. There was nothing of the country gentleman about John

Walshe. He neither rode to hounds nor carried a gun, and he was altogether averse to owning land. He seems to have bought the house at Hale to please Maria Bodley in the days of his courtship. For himself, he would much rather have gone on living over the counting-house in Preston Square. He drove into his business daily in a modest cabriolet, but it was owing again to the influence of the beautiful Maria Bodley that he kept a fine heavy yellow coach, the envy and admiration of the neighbourhood, in which he, with his stiff stock, high hat, and tight-fitting frock-coat, and Maria in her cloud of gossamer and blue ribbons, must have made a very distinguished pair.

In this environment my father came into the world, an only child, five years after his parents' marriage. Of his childhood I dare not say much: it was a childhood of acutest, pathetic suffering. Of course, he was destined to the counting-house from the day of his birth, and for that he must early have shown a complete unfitness. Probably John Walshe knew it instinctively; at all events he seems almost to have hated the boy, to have been for ever reproving and chiding him, and to have beaten

him over-frequently. My grandmother, who loved the boy, and spoilt the boy, without in the least understanding him, interfered tremulously, and hence there were domestic scenes and copious floods of tears, dramatic fainting fits, and a plentiful use of hartshorn. Love went out of their married life, and John Walshe set it down to the boy, and was more than ever angered against him.

My father, as a child, early showed the fine intelligence, the vivid imagination, the sensitiveness and sensibility which afterwards distinguished him. But in these early days he displayed a vivacity of temper, a hot, passionate resentment of injustice, which it is difficult for me to understand in one who, as I knew him, had become subdued to a complete and very perfect gentleness. Nothing was done for his education until he was about six years of age, when he was put under the care of a governess, a certain Miss Ellen Barlow, of whom he ever spoke with respect and affection, and from her he learnt to read and write with extraordinary celerity.

He does not seem to have had any definite religious education up to this time. In his

“Recollections” he records that he used to say a brief prayer, but that he knew not who taught it him. He had not even the habit of reciting the Lord’s Prayer; he does not remember any clergyman teaching him religion, nor that his parents ever spoke together of religion. Of course they went to church, and church was the boy’s great delight. Though the service was dull and the sermon a mere droning, it all appealed to his quick imagination, and the beautiful sonorous English of the Bible and the Prayer-Book made a lasting impression upon him. Miss Ellen Barlow, by the time he was seven, introduced him to “Line upon Line” and “Peep of Day,” and soon he took to reading the Bible for himself, prophecies and all, with the greatest avidity and relish. Miss Mangnall and Mrs. Markham he also remembers with great gratitude as having fed his mind and imagination in these early days.

What a changed world it all became, to be sure, when he was able to read! In the orchard there was an ancient apple-tree whose branches, at the parting from the trunk, were twisted into a most convenient resting-place. Hither he would repair with “Line upon Line” or

the "Peep of Day," and shrouded in the leaves and thick white blossom, sob his heart out over the story of Joseph or the bitter sufferings of our Saviour. Here, too, when he had had an angry scene with my grandfather (for the boy was vivacious and answered saucily enough), and had been badly beaten, here he would fly into hiding and sob his heart out over his own bitter wrongs and sufferings. When he was about eight years of age he began to go furtively into that room which was by courtesy called the "Library," and to turn over the calf-bound standard works. His first discovery was the "Pilgrim's Progress," and so fascinated was he by that work of imagination, that it was a month or more before he searched for any other book. Here, too, he found "Gulliver," "Robinson Crusoe," the "Memoirs of a Cavalier," "Don Quixote," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Rasselas," some Fieldings, several Scotts, and many of the poets. All these he had read (and how many more?) before he was ten years of age. But the work which at this time most of all coloured his imagination and opened up to him the paths of knowledge was three volumes of "English Translations from Ancient and

Modern Poems by Various Authors" (London, 1810). Here he found Pope's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," Dryden's "Virgil" and "Juvenal," Philip Francis's "Horace," Rowe's "Lucan," Grainger's "Tibullus," Garth's "Ovid," Cooke's "Hesiod," Hoole's "Ariosto" and "Tasso," and his favourite of all, Mickle's "Camoens." Dante he never knew until he could read him in the original, and then he read him rather as a devotional exercise than as literature. Indeed, his subsequent studies and vast erudition led him altogether away from "standard" literature; and it was well for him that, though of tender years, he received this thorough grounding. Standard works should be read early, in the 'teens, especially the seventeens and eighteens. How soon the possibility of standard reading slips away from us! Either we get more modern as we get older and lose the taste for robust work, or business or pleasure or religion absorbs us wholly; but certain it is that as time goes on time leaves us no leisure or inclination for the monumental literature of the past. "Make haste to be done with your reading," my father would say, "ere you are caught up by the fever of study." But even

about this time I find traces of those nice habits of method which later on made him so consummate an antiquary. I possess, written out in a child's round hand on a number of sheets of copy-book paper, lists of famous men, arranged according to centuries, with their dates of birth and death.

At eight years of age he parted with many tears from prim Miss Ellen Barlow, his only friend, and was handed over to a tutor, of whose name I find no record. My grandfather, while laying special stress upon "reckoning," grudgingly allowed the rudiments of Latin, and this language soon became the boy's passion. He early felt its bracing intellectual qualities, and his keen imagination seemed instinctively to realise how deeply it must be radicated in the world's history and affairs.

Slowly the deep religious feeling which was afterwards to dominate his whole life began to take rise in his young soul. He had learned to add converse with God to his prayers. Under the year 1864 I find a most singular circumstance noted in his diary. When he was about eight years of age he thought he saw the Blessed Virgin in the clouds looking

down upon him in his apple-tree cradle. But as he looked up towards her, she slowly vanished with a most sweet and motherly smile. Of his own accord he began to invoke her and to pray to her. He knew nothing of her but what he had read in Scripture; he had no knowledge that there were millions of Christians who daily invoked her and prayed to her. But he must very soon have ceased the practice, and the circumstance faded entirely from his memory until, in reading Newman's "Apologia" when it appeared in 1864, he was reminded of it by a distantly similar experience of the great Tractarian.¹

It was when he was nine and a half years of age that he discovered in the "Library" Law's "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," and that remarkable book immediately worked a complete revolution in his young soul. He realised for the first time that he was a Christian called to a supersensual life. His manner to his stern father changed: he took his

¹ See "Apologia pro Vita Sua," p. 3, edit. 1873. Newman recounts how many years afterwards he discovered a Catholic device drawn by himself in a copy-book when he was less than ten years of age, and that he cannot understand how he came to be attracted to the object which he drew, *i.e.* a Rosary.—M. C.

beatings patiently, bit his lip and tried to keep back tears and angry words; harder still, he tried to think well of his chastiser and be grateful for the chastisement. I fear that my grandfather was but all the more exasperated by such an unnatural demeanour. The fervent little mystic eagerly adopted Law's idea of prayer at the third hour and prayer at the sixth hour, and of evening examination of conscience and confession to God of his daily faults. Nay, he went by divination beyond his master, practising definite little austerities of his own invention, like the denial of necessary food and all sweets. It is even recorded in the "Recollections," with a laugh at himself, how he filled his shoes with peas, and used to walk up and down the orchard raising his soul to God in the ecstasies of prayer. Blind, but surely very pathetic gropings of a pure soul, instinct with self-sacrifice, seeking to find the God of Love and to please Him. And remember that he was utterly alone in these blind, anxious little strivings. His Rector (in 1846) would have tried to talk the nonsense out of him, his father would have tried to beat the nonsense out of him, his mother would

have clasped him to her in a rapture, shed showers of pearly tears, and have told him not to be naughty and nonsensical, but to be a good and sensible child and not vex his father. Even kind Miss Barlow would have exclaimed, "Poor child! who put such nonsense into your head?" And with a kiss she would have bidden him trust in the all-sufficient merits of the Saviour. But the poor boy was not really alone, for God was with him, and God blessed him exceedingly, as this Memoir will show.

I love to look at the portrait of him painted about this time. A small neat boy, neatly dressed in a short blue jacket with brass buttons, white trousers not reaching quite to the ankles, black shoes with straps crossing the white stockings after the manner of sandals, and a big white collar with a cambric border. The thick chestnut hair is curled slightly forward on either side, the front lock falling at a slight angle over the forehead, and this arrangement gives him something of the look of a little philosopher; the complexion very pale, the chin most beautifully moulded, the forehead high and clear, the sweet hazel eyes with their long lashes big with wonder and wistfulness, sad but not understanding sad-

ness, looking up already, at that tender age, but not without hope, for an answer to the questionings which a vivid imagination had set surging in his heart. And as I gaze upon this dear picture I cease to repine that he was taken from me. Great indeed must be his reward from the Father who is in Heaven.¹

¹ The portrait, which has the orchard for a background, is a fine specimen of Sir William Boxall's work.—M. C.

CHAPTER III

MY FATHER'S BOYHOOD

THIS pathetic hidden life of the child-mystic continued about six months, greatly sustained and strengthened by the discovery of Jeremy Taylor. Then came a rude awakening from the dream. My grandfather was home early from business upon some account or another, and was smoking a cigar in the "Library," thinking out shipments, no doubt, when my father, who had scrambled down from the apple-tree to come in to tea, entered the room to restore the "Holy Living" to its place. John Walshe stared at his son in mute amazement, anger, and disdain. Then there was a violent explosion—violent, angry taunts from the man, a reckless confession from the boy, jerked out in bitter hot retorts, and alas! there was a cruel beating. My father was locked in his room for three days and put upon bread and water, changed, at least at mid-day, by my grandmother, to beef and unlimited

goodies. William Law and his exhortations to patience and humility were all forgotten; the poor little heart was torn with rage and desperation, consumed by the angry thirst of revenge; prayer at the third hour and the sixth hour was forgotten; God Himself and the Blessed Saviour were forgotten. My poor dear father! I would gladly draw a thick veil over these turbulent times, but that I am writing to thy honour and glory.

The bookcases were locked up securely, and poets and divines were destined to a long slumber. John Walshe resolved to pack his son off to school forthwith, so that there might be no more of this "moping over books." He chose the Searle House Grammar School in Yorkshire, a rough-and-ready Edward VI. Foundation, because some friend upon the Exchange had indicated it as an admirable nursing-mother for the counting-house. Thither the poor boy arrived in mid-term, with a heart sore bruised and a mind dazed and bewildered. The headmaster had been properly warned that there was much "nonsense" to be knocked out of this boy, much "licking into shape" to be done. He had a zest in such matters, and was very faithful

in the execution of stern parental wishes. Over the sufferings—nay, the horrors—of those two months at school, I gladly draw a close veil. I could not convey them if I would, and would not if I could. A gentler spirit has come over England, and a livelier knowledge of the past has brought with it a certain effort to imitate the nobler virtues of the past.

Things mended somewhat in the second term. My father found that there were opportunities of learning, and if the heart remained numb, the intellect quickly warmed to these opportunities. Blessed unto all time be—but I may not mention the name of the classical master. He enjoys an honourable reputation as a scholar; he has written upon Greek roots, and his prose translation of Catullus is greatly esteemed for its philological notes. He had been a poor sizar of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Searle House was his first post. He came there in my father's second term, and immediately had him transferred from the second to the third form.

Things mended somewhat in this second term, as I have said. My father came off victor in two fights and got himself respected. He

found a certain zest in athletics, ran swiftly, fielded and caught nimbly, and carried off a pewter cup for high jump. And under Mr. B——'s tuition he progressed rapidly in Latin, and tasted the first sweets of Greek. But his school companions, few of them the sons of gentlefolks, were, in the main, young rascals when they were not young ruffians. Cursing and swearing, blasphemy and obscene talk, pervaded the whole school. How the sensitive lad I am writing about remained unpolluted in the midst of it all is a marvel. Searle House was a fruitful mother of the vices. In my father's first term two boys were birched and expelled the school for common thieving. That was a trifle to other offences and other birchings. In the annals of crime of the last fifty years, two of the most notorious criminals have been Searle House boys.

Of religious influence at this time there seems to have been none. Of course there was Sunday church, and there were evening prayers; but these counted as nothing. Searle Church was a great bare building, with high pews, and a deep gallery running round three sides of it. Below the organ loft was a large canvas of the

royal arms, with the Hanoverian shield in the fourth quarter. The living was rich ; the Vicar, gentlemanly and jovial, was the scion of a noble house. He was a rare sportsman, and my father can remember to have seen his red coat and hunting boots beneath his surplice at the Ash Wednesday service. He had a marvellous power of rattling through the services ; his sermons, delivered at a rapid rate, were always brief ; and for these reasons, and because he had three pretty daughters, he was popular with the boys. My father had ceased to read the Bible or to care for it. He would have ceased to go to church had he not been driven. The Christian religion, which he loved so once, had become to him, under the baneful and blighting influence of this grammar school, no other thing than a dreary and barren wilderness.

After two years of school life came another change. He had gone into the village with leave one Sunday afternoon upon I know not what account, and had stopped outside a certain building attracted by the curious groans and cries which came from within. 'Twas an old brick building with a rounded window over the

door, and it had served the Friends as a meeting-house ere that sect died out at Searle ; now it bore above the lintel the legend, PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL. My father entered, drawn by some magnetic influence. The place was full of people of the poorest classes, kneeling with closed eyes, groaning aloud and beating their breasts. From the pulpit or platform a young man with pale face and long hair—he, too, with eyes tight closed—was wrestling in prayer. There was a hum of excitement in the place ; shouts and groans occasionally came from the strange congregation. My father fell upon his knees on the matting in the aisle. All of a sudden a great wave of feeling descended upon him ; he remembered William Law, he remembered his solitary childish searching after the hidden life, he remembered the Jesus with whom he had communed in the orchard, and he burst out into loud uncontrollable sobbing and crying. There was a moment's astonished silence in the meeting-house, and then his sobbing became contagious and spread to all the kneeling congregation. Loud shouts arose on all sides : " Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! Praised be Jesus ! We praise Thee,

O God! Hallelujah! hallelujah!" A burly miner's foreman lifted the boy up tenderly in his arms and carried him to the minister as one who had found salvation. He was prayed over and wept over, and that day Zion Chapel, Searle, witnessed such a revival as it had never seen before and has certainly never seen since. The minister talked to him afterwards, and exhorted him to be earnest in responding to the call of the Lord. Though he knew he was of the "school," yet he bade him shun the church and come to chapel, suffering persecution and contumely for righteousness' sake.

My father went back to the school in an ecstasy. His companions seemed all dim and blurred to him, creatures of some unreal world. He had found salvation, the only reality; his eyes shone brightly, his cheeks were flushed, his heart bubbled over with praise and prayer. "What's up with you, young Walshe?" asked Bully Yardley, one of the monitors, collaring him by the neck. But young Walshe was nimble and fleet of foot. He twisted himself free and ran like a hare, on, on, the whole length of the playground; on, and then over the cricket-field and up the close-lying sand-

hills. "All right, young 'un; wait till I catch you!" shouted Bully Yardley after him. On the top of the sandhills he forced his way through a ring of gorse so as to reach a small hidden sand-plot, and as he felt the pain of the pricking, it rose up in his mind that pain and suffering in his body would be acceptable to his long-lost Lord, and indeed was due to him as a penance for unpardonable forgetfulness; and though he had never read the life of a saint nor knew what a saint was, he imitated the saints by instinct and rolled himself cruelly in the gorse bushes. Finding the bushes were not high enough to hide him in a kneeling posture, he scooped away the sand with his hands to a greater depth. And thus secure in his prickly "laura," he gave himself up to prayer and praise, to examination of conscience and bitter remorse, for two hours or more.

It was past eight o'clock on a summer's evening when he got back to the playground. One or two of the smaller boys looked at him curiously. But Bully Yardley darted down on him and seized him by the wrist. He let go again in astonishment. "Hullo, young 'un!" he cried, "who's been scratching your face?" But the

young 'un bit his lip and held his tongue. "Speak up or I'll lick you!" Not a word crossed the young 'un's lips. Yardley seized him by the wrist, twisted his arm, and gave him a score of unpleasant blows above the elbow. Then he started kicking, meaning the young 'un, after the manner of young 'uns, to take immediate flight. But the young 'un did not budge. "Bunk, you little beast, bunk!" shouted Yardley, redoubling his kicks. But the little beast stood his ground. "Jesus! Jesus!" he was saying in his heart; "for Thy sake, dear Jesus! for Thee, dear Jesus!" "Little brute!" growled Yardley when he was at last obliged to desist and walk away. The little brute was very sore, but he crept to bed with a bubbling heart, and fell asleep dreaming of Zion Chapel and the angels.

My father returned to his "laura" on the sand-hills on Monday evening. A large party of boys were playing "I spy!" there, but no one penetrated his dense inclosure. On the Tuesday and the Wednesday and the Thursday he returned again, but he began to be missed at "Chevy," in which he enjoyed some fame on account of his nimble feet. On Friday one of the captains of

Chevy tried to stop him. He made a bolt for it, and the captain raised a hue and cry. A pack of twenty boys were after him. 'Twas every bit as good as Chevy. Crawley major, this year's winner of the half-mile, was close upon him at the foot of the sandhills. The poor hare, now short of breath, dashed up the steep incline. "Round the other side and cut him off, you chaps!" shouted Crawley. "Curse!" he cried, as he more than once slipped in the loose sand and fell. Once at the top, the hare, by feints and starts and doubling, was able to dodge his pursuers and reach the "laura" unobserved. He heard the search-party confounding and damning the "young brute," and blasting and cursing the "little sneak" on all sides of him. "I believe he's bolted out of bounds and gone round by the 'cut' bridge," said a voice. "Let's go back to the playground and look for him," said another. "I'll knock him silly when I catch him," said Crawley major. The little father of the desert was left in holy peace, and that evening was visited and consoled by an excess of fervour and spiritual contentment, so that it seemed to him as if his heart must burst for love of the good God whom he had so long forgotten.

Saturday there was no chance of visiting the sandhills till late. There was a holiday for the match, second eleven versus first eleven with broomsticks, in which he was obliged to play. But his body seemed to have derived new strength and elasticity from the soul's exaltation; he never played better. He took two wickets with his tricky "lobs," caught three at cover point (his usual place in the field), and got Bully Yardley taken off by the way he knocked his bowling about. The second eleven were in high good-humour with him, but he managed to "sneak" off at the end of the match for just one half-hour's preparation in the "laura" for the dread morrow.

On Sundays the boys assembled in the big classroom half-an-hour before church-time and had their names called over before being marched off. When the Rev. John Joule, M.A., the headmaster (better known as "Old Jacko," from his resemblance to an ape), droned out the name "Walshe!" there came no answer. "Wa-a-lshe!" he shouted again above the din of voices: "Wa-a-lshe!" And still no answer. "Where's Walshe?" he asked testily. "Don't know, sir!" shouted a chorus of voices. "Send him to me after church,

Yardley." "Yes, sir!" replied Yardley readily. Yardley was much astonished not to find "Walshe" in church, and went down (for the school had seats in the gallery) to acquaint the headmaster in his pew.

The truant had a blessed morning in Zion Chapel. His presence created a great stir. Revival fervour ran high, and the Rev. Isaac Mitton waxed mad and eloquent in a fever heat of unction. The boy was called upon to pray, and he prayed, I expect, with an elevated mysticism, with a glowing purity of sentiment, that must have been new to his lowly hearers.

He came back just before the dinner-hour, his eyes once more bright, his face flushed, his whole soul braced for the coming struggle. Yardley was on the look-out for him, and pounced. "Headmaster wants you in his study, you young sneak. Come along!" He collared the "young sneak" roughly, though this was quite unnecessary: the lamb went to the slaughter with the blithe and cheerful heart of an early Christian martyr.

"Now, sir, where have you been?" asked the headmaster in his harshest tones. Old Jacko rarely caned on a Sunday, but now he was

ominously swinging a long cane in his right hand.

My father was about to tell him simply. But he looked up into that ape-like face with its bearish eyes, and suddenly felt the hopeless impossibility of being understood. And simultaneously with that thought he thought of the eager, ugly, but not unkind face of the Rev. Isaac Mitton, the only man who had ever put an arm round him and spoken words of kindness, and how by telling he might bring trouble upon him, and this effectually sealed his lips.

“Speak up, can’t you!” thundered old Jacko, the wrinkles of his receding forehead gathering in a dangerous fashion. Again there was a deadly silence.

“Then hold out!” The poor boy held out, six times altogether, for six cuts given in hot anger.

“Now, sir, where have you been?” The boy was breathing hard, but the sound of breathing was the only sound that came across his lips.

“Then hold out again!”

My unhappy father held out again, twelve times this time; twelve times for twelve cuts given in ever hotter anger.

"Now, perhaps, you'll say what nameless wickedness you've been engaged in . . . ! Oh, you won't, won't you . . . !" Old Jacko gripped the boy by the collar with his long, chimpanzee fingers, and belaboured his tender body blindly. My father fell on his knees, faint and dizzy. "Jesus! Jesus! for Thy dear sake! for Thy sweet sake, sweet Jesus!" he was saying to himself all the time. The name of Jesus gave him the power of heroic endurance, and he would have welcomed a thousand of the cruel stripes. The Rev. John Joule then rang the bell and summoned Yardley. By the time his favourite monitor came, he had regained a seeming composure.

"Yardley," he said pompously, "take this wicked boy and lock him up in the Hoole Class-room. Let him have bread and water for dinner, and bread and water for supper. He is to sleep in the infirmary, and to hold no communication with the other boys. To-day is Sunday. To-morrow I shall have something to say to him. See that Jennings goes up the tree in the morning and prepares me a birch."

"Yes, sir!" Yardley would have liked to

grin, but before the headmaster he discharged his monitorial functions with great decorum.

"Well, you're in for it, young 'un," he said as soon as they were outside the study ; "what the hell have you been up to !"

The "young 'un" made no answer, and received a cuff or two and a kick or two on the way to the Hoole Class-room. But once there, he knelt down in the middle of the bare floor, and extending his arms and raising his eyes to heaven he cried aloud, "O Jesus! Jesus! for Thee, O most dear Jesus! For Thy sweet sake, sweet Jesus!" and other the like ejaculations of fervent love for his new-found Master. And thus he continued until the night-time when they came to fetch him away to the infirmary. The bare room and its solitude had become as sweet to him as the "laura" on the sandhills, and he forgot the bruises of his body in the spiritual raptures of his soul. My poor dear father!

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He maintained the same dogged silence on Monday morning, and was held down and birched until the red blood flowed. All in vain ; not a word could he be made to utter.

Little did they suspect the talisman in his heart that gave him this strange power of endurance. The imprisonment was still maintained, but he rejoiced in the solitude. There was an old tattered Bible in the window-sill, and with the instinct of the Saints he at once began to feed upon the Psalms. He remembered William Law's recommendation to sanctify the third hour and the sixth hour by prayer, and he read half the Psalter at each.

On the Tuesday morning he was reconducted from the infirmary to the Hoole Class-room, and was destined to receive a worse assault than any which he had yet sustained. Old Jacko came into his prison-house without cane or birch, and announced that he was about to write and request Mr. Walshe to come and fetch his son, for he was expelled the school. Then for the first time did the poor martyr quail, and Heaven, that dear Heaven which had so sweetly filled the Hoole Class-room with its divine odours, seemed suddenly to close and deny its succour. He feared this incomprehensible and uncomprehending father more than stripes above measure and imprisonments and tumults, and when old

Jacko had gone he lay down upon the bare floor as he had once lain in the apple-tree cradle, and sobbed his heart out, until the heavens once more opened and a ministering angel brought consolation and fortitude for the coming struggle.

But in the afternoon old Jacko learned the truth. Miss Wright, who kept the inferior tuck-shop, had lately joined the "Methodies," and on Monday afternoon she recounted unto certain small boys how she had seen Master Walshe in the Chapel on Sunday, and what strange doings there had been. The news reached up to Yardley by Tuesday, and old Jacko was at once informed. Oh, what a hullabaloo and a to-do there was in the village, to be sure! The headmaster sent for the Hon. and Rev. Vicar, who could do nothing but rave that first day. Crawley major and a party of boys broke bounds and stoned the circular window of Zion Chapel. The two village constables turned out and consigned to the lock-up a burly Methody who was doing rough execution among the boys. The Hon. and Rev. Vicar came and interviewed the "young scamp," and tried to rub into him a sense of his "incurrigible wickedness." The

"young scamp" remained imperturbably tranquil under the hail of questions and reproaches: he thought of the silence of the Saviour under persecution, and never opened his lips; but when alone in his prison-house he rejoiced aloud in the Lord, and sang to himself in his sweet boy's treble, "Jesu, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly."

Old Jacko's threat was no idle one. John Walshe arrived on the Thursday. He carried a slender bamboo cane, and used it freely in the Hoole Class-room before uttering a word. Then he spoke in his cold, hard, fierce way, and his words were more powerful than his blows. The upshot of it all was that my father did not leave the Searle House Grammar School. "Salvation" was caned, birched, bullied, twisted, and starved out of his soul. The great wave of feeling left him almost as suddenly as it came. But it did not leave him the same boy. He grew sullen and morose, and even fierce. Two boys who had called him "young Methody" were badly mauled, and the nickname died before it was born. For his soul's peace he even tried to fight Bully Yardley, and though he got the worst of it, the bully did not like the

experience, and left him alone ever afterwards. Old Jacko treated him with a certain rough respect, and gave him a good report at the end of the term. In a private letter he assured John Walshe that the "nonsense" had been quite knocked out of his son, and laid all the blame on the shoulders of the pernicious and meddlesome Mr. Isaac Mitton. The Methodist episode was soon dropped and forgotten in the school.

During the holidays my father found the bookcases unlocked, and resumed somewhat the thread of his general reading in the apple-tree. He also went over again and again all that he had done in Greek and Latin during the past term, and learned by heart the whole of the "*Ars Poetica*." I should have said that Mr. B—— remained his friend, if never his defender. He was an enthusiast, and there being no one who cared an atom for his enthusiasms except this small boy, my father derived an immense benefit from his conversation, and likewise received a considerable amount of indirect private tuition.

But I must not dwell too long on his boyhood. Is it not all written in his "Recollections," which I shall assuredly publish if his

works are appreciated as they deserve to be? To be briefer, then. My father remained at Searle House until he was fifteen years and two months old, when he was considered ripe for the counting-house. Cruellest of all John Walshe's blows, he forbade Greek and Latin in the last term, so that the boy might be thoroughly grounded in arithmetic, in which, to tell the truth, he was (and remained) deplorably deficient. Old Jacko did not like this interference, but then Mr. Walshe was influential and could recommend boys. Mr. B—— did much to neutralise the Draconian measure, and became quite expansive and encouraging. Nay, at the end of that last term (may his name live for ever!) he even wrote John Walshe a noble letter, telling him that his son was an exceptionally brilliant classic; that he was destined to be a great scholar; that he should be sent to the University, where he was sure to have a brilliant career. The well-intentioned letter served no other purpose than to put my grandfather into a towering passion, and secure for my father a more than usually cold reception.

My father left school exceptionally far ahead in Greek and Latin for his age, with such history and

geography as was taught in a grammar school in those days, with algebra down to simple equations, the first book of Euclid, and a remarkably slender stock of arithmetic. There was a “Froggie” at the school, a poor bewildered shrinking Alsatian, Monsieur or Herr Ebermann, according as he taught French or German, and from him my father acquired a working knowledge of French, which, however, became considerably obscured until the days when he really settled down to study.

I ought perhaps to mention here, in view of what happened hereafter, that it was at Searle House that he first became aware that there were such people as “Catholics.” The Mollineux and the Bingham, who were the leading gentry of the neighbourhood, came of a toughly “Recusant” stock that had never changed the Faith. There was a small Catholic chapel and day-school in the village, and there were occasional collisions between the Catholic boys and the grammar-school boys. But, of course, he had not the faintest idea what a Catholic was. If he thought about them at all, it was as gloomy and wicked: gloomy, because Mollineux Hall was a sombre Palladian building, with a very

long, straight, damp, ill-kept drive leading up to it, with an abundance of molehills on either side; wicked, because they burnt Ridley and Latimer, and tried to blow up the King and Parliament.

CHAPTER IV

MY FATHER GOES INTO BUSINESS

AT nine o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 30th August 1852, on a sultry, threatening day, my father, with a nameless terror in his heart, took his place in the cabriolet beside my stern grandfather, and was driven off to the counting-house. It was a great day for John Walshe, begetter of a substantial business and of a son to succeed to it, and there was even some geniality in his sermons and admonitions as they drove into the black town. By way of encouragement, the boy was to have a salary of £15 a year, instead of the unpaid apprenticeship of three years, which would have been more regular. John Walshe was no manufacturer or warehouseman, but a merchant who bought from both. He had his customers in China and the West Indies, and even bought for London shippers at one and a half per cent. The counting-house stood on the ground floor

of a smoke-blackened brick building in Preston Square. It consisted of but four rooms. There was the clerks' office, with a square desk and four high stools, enclosed from the public by a counter; there was Mr. Briggs' room (he was chief clerk and cashier); a sample room, and Mr. Walshe's room, shut off by a green baize door with a round window, through which he could frown upon his clerks. The clerks were three in number besides Mr. Briggs, and my father upon the vacant stool made a fourth. Of his companions, the eldest was one Christopher Meade, a good hand at business and a great favourite with Mr. Walshe, but of an "umble," sneaking, spiteful, and ambitious character, who was biding his time to oust Mr. Briggs. The other two, Walter Wills and Richard Goodrich, were bright, pleasant enough, good-natured fellows of twenty-one and eighteen, with no particular head, and, as regards Goodrich, scarce an ounce of ballast. For Goodrich, who was fond of dress, and dressed in very bad taste, and who had a sense of humour of his own and a real kind heart, my father speedily developed a great affection. Mr. Briggs and Mr. Meade had been to dinner at Hale; the other

two my father had never set eyes upon before. "Mr. Goodrich!" said my grandfather. Mr. Goodrich started. There was that in my grandfather's voice which made people start upon the most insignificant occasions. "For the future you will hand over the sample-books to my son, show him how to keep them, and see that they are properly kept."

"Yessir!"

The sample-books were a very ingenious form of torture. They were kept on this wise, as I understand it. A square inch of the drill, twill, shirting, or whatever it might be, was cut out of the original sample and pasted in a book. The samples of every shipment were kept together, and numbered with numbers corresponding to numbers in an invoice or daybook. At the head of the collection was written the name of the ship by which the goods were sent, the name of the buyers and the date of shipment. A sufficiently dreary occupation, and what is more, no one could remember that the sample-books had ever once been wanted or used.

The arrival of the "Governor's" son in the office put out the other clerks a good deal. They had only been informed of his intended advent

the Saturday before, and had been deliberating whether they ought to call such a boy "Mr." Besides, they felt he would be a restraint, for when Meade was out, Wills and Goodrich passed most of their time in abusing "the Duke" or "Old Poker," as they also called him. But Goodrich decided at once that he liked the look of the youngster, and when the Duke was out at lunch and Meade on the Exchange, he gave him an exhibition of vaulting over the counter, the which he did with so comic and anxious a face, that the timid new clerk was constrained to laugh heartily.

It was a sultry, dark day, that first day in the counting-house, and the gas had to be lit. My father, who had been awake half the night thinking in agony of the dreaded morrow, fell sound asleep on his sample-book. Meade did not like to reprove the "Governor's" son on the first day; Wills and Goodrich merely said "Poor little devil," and let him sleep. Mr. Walshe had been coming to his round window very often that day to revel in the sight of his son upon a counting-house stool. As ill-luck would have it, he looked out during this peaceful sleep. He opened the door and called sternly, "William!"

William, disturbed perhaps in his sleep by the sound of that dreaded voice, answered with his first snore. Goodrich looked out of the window to hide a grin. "Come, sir! William!" William awoke with a bad start. His right eyebrow had stuck tight on to a wet sample in the sample-book, and in starting up the page was torn violently out of the book and remained clinging to his head. In the surprise and fright and bewilderment he lost his balance, and the high stool toppled backwards, bringing his head with a crash against the wall. John Walshe stalked frowning back into his room. My father was completely stunned, and there was an ugly cut in the back of his head. Wills picked him up and supported him on his knee. Goodrich fetched water, bathed his face, and wiped the wound with many kindly muttered "Poor little devils," but he did not recover. Then he and Wills fell to disputing which should have the unpleasant duty of going in and telling "Old Poker." Finally, Goodrich vaulted the counter with a grimace, and boldly walked into the "Governor's" sanctum. "Mr. Walshe is stunned, sir," he said. "We can't bring him to. Shall I go and fetch a surgeon?" John Walshe glared

at him in a white heat of anger and acute irritation. He could get no word across his tightly drawn lips. "Very well, sir," cried Goodrich in alarm, affecting to have had an answer, and darting out of the room.

The doctor pronounced the boy to have had a bad concussion, and carefully dressed the wound. Goodrich then took the doctor into Mr. Walshe's room. Mr. Walshe was lying back in his chair livid, doing nothing for the first time in his business life. "The boy's very bad, sir," said the doctor; "he must go home and to bed at once." It was about four in the afternoon. "Shall I fetch a hackney-coach, sir? Shall I take him home, sir?" asked Goodrich in a breath, and getting no answer but a stare, he ran out of the room with another "Very well, sir!"

Goodrich lifted his burden tenderly into the coach and rested the restless rolling head gently on his arm. He was a soft-hearted fellow, was poor Goodrich. (Alas! life in the counting-house of John Walshe and a too wild life outside it drove him into enlisting, and he was shot through the head at Inkerman. May his soul, and the souls of all the faithful few who were kind to my father, rest in peace. Amen.) The boy had come

to a bit and was muttering half deliriously. His mind had wandered back to the Searle playground and the Hoole Class-room. "Jesus! Jesus!" he was saying, "Jesus! for Thy dear sake, sweet Jesus!" "Hello!" exclaimed Goodrich, "pious little beggar, poor little devil! Who'd have thought it in old Poker's offspring!"

Arrived at the house, Goodrich set the big bell booming and carried his charge into the hall. It was the first time he had set foot across the Governor's sacred portals. My gossamer grandmother came out of the morning-room, held up her hands, screamed "Oh, la!" and fell into a real faint. While the panic-stricken maids ran for the hartshorn, Goodrich, carrying the boy, made the cook show him the way to the bedroom, and told her to send for a doctor. He undressed his burden with all the solicitude of a nurse and put him to bed; nor would he have left the bedside, but that he did not relish the idea of meeting the Governor in his own house. And so ended John William Walshe's first day in that counting-house for which he was so little fitted.

After that blow on the head the dew of religion once more watered his soul. He was

not moved to any extremes; he did not go in search of the Wesleyans, nor did he mortify the flesh; but he prayed without ceasing, and experienced considerable spiritual consolation. He was ten days in bed and five days more invalided at home. During those last five days he began again to say the Psalter at the third hour and the sixth hour, and to invoke the Holy Name with great fervour and comfort.

On the fifteenth day he reappeared in the counting-house, pale and still suffering, but glad in his new-found peace of soul. Goodrich greeted him effusively. "Well, old chap; how are you? Bobbish again?" But my father clasped his hand within both his, and would not let it go. "God bless you!" he said with tears in his eyes—he had a very sweet voice, had my father—"God bless you! I've heard of all you did for me." "Oh, that's all right, old chap!" cried Goodrich, uncomfortably affected. "Have a pear?" he added hastily, diving into his desk and producing a bag of Bishops' Thumbs. "Don't feel like samples yet, I suppose, eh? But here's the Moselle's lot for you to do; sixteen bales marked and numbered as per margin. All flaring hankies for

the nigger women. They're a bit livelier than grey domestics." Later on, when Meade was on 'Change and Wills in Mr. Walshe's room, he leaned over the desk and said in a very confidential whisper, "I say, old man, I don't like asking; it seems beastly mean, but I'm in an awful hole. Could you lend me ten bob till next screw-day?" My father blushed with vexation. He was kept entirely without money, and had but the solitary "bob" which was doled out to him daily for his luncheon. He at once handed this to Goodrich, and with many regrets promised him the remaining nine next morning. So that day he got no lunch, and that night he asked his mother for money for the first time in his life. "Money, child! What can you want with money?" was all she said. But she gave him a sovereign.

For a year and a half his principal work in the counting-house was keeping the sample-books. But John Walshe had no office-boy or messenger, and so his son filled both offices, running errands, delivering letters, carrying parcels of samples, leaving and collecting bills of exchange, which latter charge he believed in the innocence of his heart, under Goodrich's

chaff, to be of weighty importance. All this my grandfather called "thoroughly grounding him." He likewise did many errands for Goodrich, as, for instance, "Bring me a couple of bath buns from Harrison's or Bancroft's, Billy." (Goodrich had called him Billy on the third day, though any one more unlike a "Billy" it would be impossible to imagine.) He was glad to be out of the stuffy counting-house, but the length of time he would be gone upon an errand was the subject of many a sore and harsh reprimand. The truth is, he would fall a-dreaming over books which he picked up off the bookstalls, or flatten his face against Cornish's windows of well-bound books, gleefully chanting their fascinating titles to himself. It was on a bookstall about this time that he found, for sixpence, a battered copy of the "Imitation," a book of which he had only dimly heard. That day he lunched for sixpence, and this gave him the idea of lunching on a couple of dry rolls and saving tenpence a day, which with his handsome salary of twenty-five shillings a month enabled him to acquire a respectable little store of books. Oh, the joy of those days when he first began to buy books and boldly to ask

second-hand dealers for their catalogues! Oh, the joy of the long nights when he read alone far into the morning! For the first time he learned something about the moderns, and flared forth into a strong fit of hero-worship for Carlyle.

It was about this time, too, that he noticed, in passing on his errands, that St. Chad's and St. Augustin's Catholic churches were always open, and he made a convenience of them to pray in and to munch his roll and piece of chocolate in. He still knew absolutely nothing of Catholic doctrines or practices, nor that the Blessed Sacrament was reserved in Catholic churches, and he had far more reverence for Zion Chapel, Searle, than for St. Chad's in Cheetham Road.

After a year and a half Goodrich announced that he was going to make a bolt for it without giving the "Governor" previous notice or telling any of his own people.

"Why don't you come along with me, Billy?" said the affectionate creature; "you'll never do any good at this cursed trade."

My father parted from him with tears in his eyes. He was the only creature approaching a friend whom he had. They had absolutely

nothing in common, but there was such a patient good-nature about Goodrich, such a humble respect for any one whom he thought a bit cleverer than himself, that my father found it a relief in his overflow of enthusiasm to talk "Past and Present" and "Novalis" to him. 'Tis true that Dick expressed the opinion that Carlyle must be a "rum old codger," and that Billy would end in Bedlam if he worried his brains about "stickjaw stuff" of that kind, but at least he listened. After reading the "Essay on Novalis" for the first time, my father arrived at the office with radiant dreamy eyes, and tried to explain to Master Dick that phenomena had no real existence, that the desk was not hard but only seemed so, and if our fingers were stronger it would appear soft. This was too much for Goodrich; he gave a long whistle, jerked his thumb over his shoulder, and said, "Yes, you didn't find the wall hard, did you? Oh, no! Not at all! You bet!" Still my father could and did talk to the affectionate fellow on all manner of subjects (saving only personal religion), and now they both had a lump in the throat at parting. "Sorry about that quid I owe you. Can't wait till next pay-day

now. But I'll send it, you bet," were Goodrich's last words.

About this time a clergyman of the new kind was appointed to Hale Parish Church. He was a spare, worried-looking man, and people said (though half incredulously) that he fasted. He placed a plain cross and two candlesticks above the Communion table, and tried to hide the fact that it was a table. He put the choir into surplices, and himself wore at the Communion service a plain linen chasuble, scarcely distinguishable from a surplice. There was a great disturbance in the parish. More important still, he preached Baptismal regeneration; that Christ was present in the Sacrament; that marriage was a sacrament; that fasting communion was a duty; that auricular confession was an obligation. In the middle of the sermon on Confession my grandfather left the pew and the church, taking his son with him. Several other gentlemen followed his example. The clergyman was very zealous, and did a lot of good in the parish. He preached with great eagerness and enthusiasm—though, to be sure, his zeal utterly outran his discretion—and my father would probably have learned something

of Catholic truth from him had he not been forbidden the parish church after the sermon on Confession. Besides, his mind at that time was full of Carlyle, and he was likewise cudgeling his brains over Jacob Böhme and absorbed in the delights of Peter Sterry's "Rise, Race, and Royalty of the Kingdom of God in the Soul of Man." After about a year the clergyman preached a farewell sermon, and Mr. Walshe met him in after years at Assisi, not only a Catholic priest, but a Protonotary Apostolic *ad instar participantium*.

After Goodrich's departure a new boy came to do the sample-books and the errands, and my father was promoted to Goodrich's place, and had to copy invoices, cast up figures, and keep the petty cash. The mere copying he could do, but the addition of cwts., qrs., lbs., of pounds, shillings, and pence, presented heart-rending difficulties. He would cast a column and check it to get a different result, check it again and again only to get a different result each time. The new boy was as sharp as his features, and my father had to spare some shillings away from books to get his assistance. Then debtor and creditor were more incompre-

hensible to him than transcendental philosophy to Goodrich, and he seems to have reduced them to a sort of Hegelian hash of Absolute Identity. After the first fortnight of the new system a crisis occurred. Mr. Briggs, as in duty bound, made a surprise descent upon the petty cash box. It contained £5 too much, nor could the excess in any way be accounted for. Mr. Briggs and Mr. Meade looked very grave, and the new boy sniggered. My poor father could only wonder why they should not be highly delighted to find £5 more than there should be. John Walshe had to be told. A hideously discolouring iron was fast entering his soul, and his words and deeds reached the cruelty of a desperate man, baffled and thwarted of his dearest wish. He must surely have seen at last that this son of his, for all his "grounding," could never carry on the house of "John Walshe." He could no longer strike him, but he could chill and freeze him; he infused a bitter, biting, black frost into the very marrow of as sensitive a heart as ever beat, and in all history I know nothing like the despairing cruelty of it.

Be it noted that in the "Recollections,"

although John Walshe's words and deeds are set forth, yet there is never a word of complaint against him, never a murmur. 'Tis my pen that has run into murmuring and more. But it were useless to dwell upon the year of freezing torture that succeeded. I should but offend his modest spirit by laying bare his sufferings. In that year he suffered all the tortures of hell, and bore them like the dear saint he was. But at the end of that year he suddenly became a human being, and, like Dick Goodrich, he bolted.

CHAPTER V

MY FATHER LEAVES BUSINESS

My father ran away from home and business for much the same reason that a swallow migrates—because he could not help himself. There is, I think, a theory that swallows during migration are in a trance and propelled without volition. Certainly his psychological frame was peculiar, nay abnormal, at the time of his flight, but he was subject (as will have been seen), now and again, to powerful inrushings of feeling that carried all along in the eddying flood. Nor had he as yet that Faith which is a sure ballast in the worst of storms, nor did he know to the full that lofty Christianity which loves abjection and seeks servitude. During that last year of black frost, he had been warming his heart for the first time with Byron and Shelley, and developed, oddly enough, an enthusiasm for Rogers' stilted "Italy." He read Roscoe's books, Sismondi, Howell's Travels, Evelyn's Diary,

Mrs. Stisted's "Bye-ways of Italy,"¹ anything and everything, in short, about Italy upon which he could lay hands. And so his whole soul became filled with the melody of Italy, and the voice that chanted within sang of deliverance and salvation, of knowledge and a vocation, of rest and peace.

One evening, in the early days of April 1855, as he was praying with fervour by his bedside, there came down upon him one of those strong inrushings of feeling which had visited him three or four times in his life, and he became as clearly convinced that he must forthwith start for Italy as he had been convinced in Zion Chapel of having found "Salvation." Since the railway had come to Hale, he no longer drove into town with my grandfather, but was made to go into business an hour earlier by train. So he kissed my grandmother (she insisted on that sentimental ceremony every morning before departure) and set out from Hale in a fine tension of feeling, clearly setting Rome

¹ To the end my father declared that this was one of the very best books ever written about Italy, and that its truthfulness and clear delineation merited that it should be rescued from oblivion. In sentiment the author is strongly Protestant, but she is never for a moment out of sympathy with the Catholic people she is writing about.

before him as a goal. He dare not carry off any belongings with him for fear of observation, and had taken an affectionate and sad farewell of all his books—his best friends and only comforters in the past three years. For his Bible and the "Imitation" he found room in his pockets; Shakespeare, and Rogers, and Peter Sterry he carried under his arm. A cherry-wood stick, and about £12 which he had been saving to buy a second-hand copy of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," were the only other possessions he took away with him.

Arrived at Manchester, his next step on the road to Rome was to take the Liverpool train. I can picture John Walshe's face at not finding him at the office. I seem to hear him say, "Mr. Meade, tell Mr. William I desire to see him at once when he arrives." I can picture his angry restlessness during the day, his cold, harsh communication of the news at night, and my grandmother's pearly tears and rigid faint. My father made inquiry in Liverpool, and found there was a steamer sailing for Leghorn within three or four days. That would bring him tolerably near to Rome. He paid five pounds for a second-class ticket, and rashly spent an-

other five pounds in clothes and a valise, so that, when he got on board the *Scamew*, he had but ten shillings left in the world. On the day of sailing he posted this letter to his mother:—

“LIVERPOOL, *April* 10, 1855.

“MY DEAR MAMMA,¹—I have gone away because I am unhappy in business and quite unfitted for business. Things would all go wrong if I were to stay. I am going to Italy. What is going to happen to me there I don't know, but it will be something good. I am obeying a call. Don't be distressed about me; don't be anxious; don't worry. I will write to you as soon as I am settled, and that will be very soon.—I remain, with love, your affectionate son,

WILLIE.”

My father read the Bible and the “Imitation” throughout the voyage. He tried Shakespeare and Rogers, but was in too exalted a state. He tried Sterry, but the salt of the sea seemed to take all the savour out of his mysticism. He had never been at sea before. The sea invigorated him; it lifted him up out of himself. The

¹ Mrs. Walshe would not allow the expression “mother,” which she thought “ungenteel and inelegant.”

sea seemed to him so scriptural; it brought him nearer God. It seemed to him like a type of God: creatures lived in it, moved in it, had their being from it. So men lived and moved in God, had their being from God, and yet were distinct from God. Praise was in his heart. New songs and hymns and psalms of praise, half his own composition, surged in his soul and rang through every corner of his mind. He made a new song of the sea all taken from Holy Writ, and that he would chant to himself to Mornington or Windsor, lying in the bows or leaning over the stern of the vessel:—

“Sing unto the Lord a new song, and His praise from the end of the earth, ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein; the isles, and the inhabitants thereof.

“The earth is full of Thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

“There go the ships: there is that Leviathan whom Thou hast made to play therein.

“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.

“For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

“They mount up to heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of the trouble.

"The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

"Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy water-spouts; all Thy waves and Thy billows have gone over me.

"Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known.

"The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

"Let the heaven and earth praise Him, the seas and everything that moveth therein.

"O ye seas and floods, bless ye the Lord: praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

"Glory be to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost.

"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

Time passed with incredible swiftness. The fit of exaltation was strong upon him; he cannot remember what the captain was like, or any of his fellow-passengers. On the evening of the fifteenth day the Castle of Leghorn was sighted. The flag which flew over it no longer flies in Tuscany. It was a red flag with a broad white stripe, and in the centre of the stripe were the arms of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, destined to reign only four years more over his Duchy. My father landed, and had his valise carried to a little

inn in the main street : it was impossible to start for Rome that night. By the time he had paid his boat and portorage, he had but two florins left. The circumstance did not trouble him in the least ; he intended to start for Rome the next day.

In the morning he sallied forth to sell his watch. It was an inexpensive silver watch given him by his father at the time he entered business, so that he might in no wise exceed the luncheon half-hour. He could not hope to realise more than thirty Tuscan livres upon it, but these might take him to his goal, and there God would provide. I must tell you that by this time my father had grown into a very engaging and striking-looking youth ; nay, I will call him a very handsome youth. His thick, straight, deep chestnut hair was of a most beautiful rich tint ; he wore it rather long, as was the fashion then, and it still inclined forward as in Boxall's picture, giving him a most winning look of innocence and wisdom. The bright eyes were clear hazel, the soft lashes still those of a child, his chin was grown longer, though most delicately moulded. And there was still upon the face that slight look of sad and serious questioning (though to be sure mingled with a serene loving-kindness), that

faint perplexed drawing together of the eyebrows, which had been entirely smoothed away when I came into the world.

The wondering Livornesi stared at him as he walked down the high street in search of a jeweller. He heeded them not, heeded none, save a tall, spare, grave gentleman whose face seemed to shine like a beacon. Upon him he gazed very steadfastly, and the gentleman as steadfastly returned his gaze. They passed very close, and their eyes met very full. My father's heart thumped against his side. After they had passed he turned round to look, and the gentleman too had turned round and was looking. Then my father stopped short for very wonderment, and the gentleman too stopped short, and came back upon him with three of his long swinging strides.

"Did you wish to speak with me, young gentleman?" he inquired in a voice singularly sweet and *piano* in one so tall and wiry.

My father's answer was peculiar. It was a question, the question of one who believes most thoroughly in the intimate affectionate interpositions of Divine Providence. "Were you sent to meet me, sir?" he asked.

The gentleman looked at him curiously. "Who knows," he said, "that I may not have been sent to meet you. Almighty God moves in a mysterious way, and chooses strange instruments in the working of His mercies."

Now my father had never been accustomed to meet with men who spoke of "God" and His "mercies" and His "marvels" just as if it were all the most natural thing in the world, and when he heard this gentleman in his soft tones assign to Almighty God that position in the universe which the boy had ever striven to give Him in his heart, he was so affected that he could utter no word.

The gentleman looked hard at my father in his grave, kind way. Then he spoke: "You're in trouble, young sir. Come and tell me all about it; then we shall know whether I was sent to meet you or not. If I can help you I gladly will."

My father dared not thank him for fear the tears should have burst their floodgates. The gentleman linked his arm through my father's, and they walked back in silence to the little inn and went straight up to the dingy little bed-chamber. Once there, my father began to

talk. It was the first time in his life that he had ever talked of himself. He did not merely tell the story of his running away; he began at the beginning and told everything—everything. He did not blame his father and mother, but he did not shield them. He told everything—everything: his beatings at home; his furtive readings; how he had tried to hide his life with Christ in God when a baby; then his school life, his beatings and bullyings there; of the Rev. Isaac Mitton; of the “laura” on the sandhills; of Mr. B—— and the noble Latin language, and how he might not continue Latin in the last term; of his disastrous first day in business; of his desultory readings and blind aspirations; of his last day in business and desperate flight. He told everything—everything; more than I have told you, reader, more perhaps even than is set down in the “Recollections.”

The gentleman had been standing at first during this recital, and so had my father. Midway he sat down on the edge of the bed, and my father dropped on his knees beside him and gripped his hand tight, sometimes burying his face in the coverlid, and now and again looking up for invigoration into the

gentleman's kind, serious face. When he had made an end of the long story, the gentleman was silent for a space, thinking very hard, and in the process his eyes got very soft and moist. My father seized his hand and kissed it with fervour. At length the gentleman broke silence.

"I think, young sir," says he, "that I can now answer your first question. I *was* sent here to meet you to-day, and it was Almighty God who sent me. Will you trust His envoy and come home with me? I live above Lucca."

"Indeed I will!" cried my father eagerly. "But I have no money to pay the journey," he added ruefully, "unless I can sell my watch."

The gentleman laughed for the first time. "You will travel in my postchaise," he answered. "And as regards money," he went on, "I will teach you how to make money; and you will have to do a good deal of Latin in the process of making money," he added with a smile. "Do you know if the *Seamew* has put in?"

"I travelled by her, sir," answered my father.

"Good!" said the gentleman emphatically. "She is bringing me a case of rare books. I

wish to see them through the custom-house myself."

"Books!" cried the young gentleman from Manchester with his mouth open.

"Oh, you'll find my home full of books, and some very good books too," replied the gentleman, laughing again. "But, by the way," he added good-humouredly, "you've told me a long story, young sir, but there's one thing you have not told me, and that is your name."

My father excused himself for the unwitting omission. "My name is Walshe," he answered; "my father is——"

"We are of the same county," interrupted the gentleman. "My name is Markham, and I am called Lord Frederick Markham because my father was the Marquis of Clitheroe. Your father must be the merchant of Preston Square. I have heard of him. My brother, the present owner of Clitheroe, has dined at his house upon some political occasion. And now to the custom-house," he continued, "and then to luncheon or 'collazione,' as you will soon come to call it, and in the cool of the evening we will drive home to Lucca."

In the cool of the evening they started off

in an open chaise, and my father's eyes, you may be sure, were staring wide at the strange new country through which they passed. Their road took them through Pisa, and when the new-comer beheld the stately magnificence of the palaces on the Lung' Arno, he held his breath in exultation. Lord Frederick made his driver go a little out of the way, so as to pass the group of the Duomo, and Baptistery, and Leaning Tower. These were the first beautiful and noble buildings that my father had ever gazed upon, and he closed his eyes at the sight of their splendour, just as if he had been gazing at the sun.

When they got outside the city Lord Frederick said to him : "I might take you by a shorter road over those hills there that shut out the sight of Lucca from the Pisans. But I have some business in the town of Lucca, so we will take the main road through Rigoli and Ripafratta. The fact is, I've ordered a very modest *Te Deum* in the Cathedral at six this evening in thanksgiving for the recovery of one of my peasants after a dangerous accident. It's quite a small affair, without organ or orchestra. I prefer it like that when I can get it."

To order a *Te Deum* struck my father as a strange phrase. "Can an Englishman have a *Te Deum* in an Italian cathedral, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm a Catholic, you know," replied Lord Frederick.

A Catholic! That was an even stranger phrase to my father. He associated it with nothing, or only with formalism and idolatry, with burning and torture, and here was the envoy of God, a Catholic.

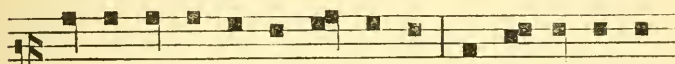
The chaise jog-trotted through the Porta Santa Maria and through the narrow streets of Lucca into the still and deeply devotional Piazza del Duomo. The fountain in the adjacent Piazza degli Antelminelli was leaping high into the blue heavens. The chaise pulled up in front of the Duomo. My father lifted his eyes and gazed up at the austere yet elaborate façade. He saw there the rude effigy of a mounted warrior dividing his cloak with his sword, and giving the half of it to another man. He knew nothing of St. Martin or of any of the Saints, but his first impression of Lucca was of a man in the act of giving.

"May I come in?" asked my father as Lord Frederick descended.

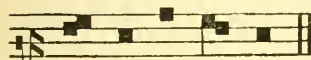
"To be sure, if you like. Why, they've begun!" he continued under his breath as they

entered the cool, grey devotional Duomo ; “ what unusual punctuality ! ”

The Duomo was about a quarter filled, chiefly with poor people and peasants. My father was struck dumb with amazement. “ Why, what is this language that these poor people are singing ? ” he thought.

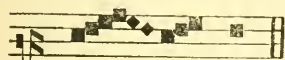


Ti - bi Ché - ru - bim et Sé - ra - phim, in - ces - sá - bi - li



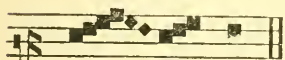
vo - ce pro - clá - mant.

Why, it is Latin ! he said to himself exultantly, Latin ! Latin ! not as Mr. B—— had pronounced it, but Latin surely something as Horace himself must have pronounced it. Latin ! Latin ! the sweetest consolation of the darkest hours of his dark school-life.



San - ctus.

sang the choir in the sanctuary.



San - ctus.

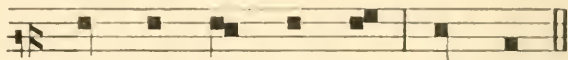
replied the people in the body of the church.



San - ctus, Dó - mi - nus De - us Sá - ba - oth.

answered the choir triumphantly.

The congregation was standing bolt upright, but my poor father had sunk upon his knees to try and hide his emotion. Latin! Latin! Then Latin was not dead, but living! Latin! And there were people, and there were peasants, who praised God in Latin!—

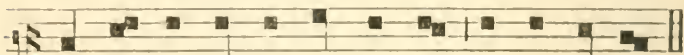


Tu Rex gló - ri - æ, Chri - ste.

Christe! then Jesus of the orchard, Jesus of the "laura" on the sandhills, Jesus of black Manchester was praised by living human beings in Latin!

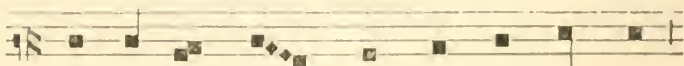


Te er - go quæ-su-mus, tu - is fá - mu - lis súb - ve - ni,

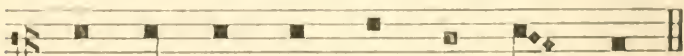


quos pre - ti - ó - so sán - gui - ne red - e - mí - sti.

Here all the people dropped on their knees beside my father—



Æ - tér - na fac cum San - ctis tu - is,



in gló - ri - a nu - me - rá - ri.

Here all the people rose, and my father rose with them, a much changed young man. The

people and the peasants of Lucca had taught him in a brief quarter of an hour that which he had blindly sought from infancy: how to praise, in spirit and in truth, the Lord God of Hosts, the Creator of the universe, the Author and Ruler of his being. Praise, he suddenly divined, was an act—an inward act, independent of all words, and yet clothed in words because of the nature of things. This clothing of words should then be in the most beautiful, the most majestic, the most devotional language known, and that was Latin! Latin! This act of praise should be clothed in the same language all the world over; it should be used by the simple and humble, equally with the wise and learned. Not all would understand the words of this mystical tongue, but all would comprehend the mystical grandeur of the act. And this lesson he had learned from hewers of wood and drawers of water, from tillers of the earth and drovers of flocks and herds, and in Latin! in Latin!

Lord Frederick touched his elbow. They were already out in the open green country. He pointed up to a great grey building, with many small windows and a diminutive spire at one corner. "That," he said, "is a Franciscan

convent—Observantins—a novitiate.” His words were unintelligible to my father, but he sought no explanation. “Sanctus . . . Sanctus . . . Sanctus . . .” rang in his brain. “And the building just below,” continued Lord Frederick, “is my house, which I hope you will make your home until Heaven is pleased to show you your vocation in life.”

“Sanctus . . . Sanctus . . . Sanctus . . .” answered my father, half aloud.

The heavy wrought-iron gates of the villa creaked loudly as the smiling lodge-porter opened them, and the chaise rolled leisurely down a shady avenue of maples. A peasant or two doffed caps and smiled; half a dozen barefooted women curtsied and smiled; an old man munching his evening meal held up his crusts, smiling, and said to his rich and noble master: “Vuol favorire, Signor Barone? Will you partake with me, my lord?” A smiling old serving-man, with brown wrinkled face and short white hair, was at the foot of the perron, waiting to receive them.

“Ben tornato, Signor Barone!”

“Buona sera, Baldassare! All well?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“And the Signorina?”

“The Baronessina has gone to dress for dinner.”

“Then we must hurry. Come!” he said to my father.

The young gentleman from Manchester walked up the noble marble steps of the perron in a dream. He felt that he had come safe into haven at last, after terrific storms and untold dangers, and as he paused at the top of the steps and gazed over the smiling fertile country, the act of praise welled up in his heart: “*Sanc-tus . . . Sanctus . . . Sanctus . . . Dominus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt cœli et terra: majestatis gloriæ tuæ . . . In te, Domine, speravi: non confundar in æternum.*”

CHAPTER VI

MY FATHER FALLS IN LOVE

THE villa was a much bigger place than it seemed as seen from the road below. There were some huge rooms in it ; the hall was huge ; the library on the first floor (which should have been the *salone*) was hugest of all. Frescoes in monochrome decorated the exterior, and a Renaissance frieze ran round the whole building beneath the overhanging eaves. The marble perron and the *loggia* were of the noblest proportions. Lord Frederick Markham had been living here some twenty years now. He had become a Catholic in 1826, long before the tide of conversions set in, and independent of any Oxford influence. His conversion made a family stir, for the Markhams were very Evangelical. (You may have heard of the prayer-meetings at Clitheroe House in St. James Square, and of the late Marquis' preaching.) He had already inherited a handsome portion from the sixth

Marquis, or it might have gone but hardly with him.

Life at home or among his set had become difficult, if not impossible. He drifted abroad. When at Cambridge he had thought of becoming a priest. His confessor at Rome told him that he had no vocation; he tried two other confessors, and they told him the same story. He would have tried a fourth, so determined was he, but that he suddenly fell deeply in love with Elisa Fabriani, only daughter of Count Fabriani of Lucca and Rome, and so found his vocation. They were married, and she brought him the big villa above Lucca as her portion. Alas, poor lady! she died in childbirth in the year 1841 after but six years of a most felicitous wedded life, and it was the great sorrow of her death that made Lord Frederick a trifle grave.

There was a large *podere* attached to the Villa Fabriani. Lord Frederick bought two others near the villa, so that he might have an active interest in life. His *contadini* adored him. Had he used the power of life and death among them, not a soul of them would have demurred. He did very frequently use

his power to prevent premature and unsuitable marriages. Lord Frederick was an expert husbandman, but he made no attempt to introduce "reforms," or machinery, or English methods on his *poderi*, holding such things to be entirely unsuitable to the needs of Tuscan agriculture and the Tuscan peasants at that time. Rising up behind the villa was terrace upon terrace of olive trees, and his oil was eagerly sought upon the Leghorn market. Running round three sides of the garden was a *pergola* that recalled a monastic cloister, and enjoyed great fame in the neighbourhood. The garden was a bit wild, but so Lord Frederick had found and liked it, and so he declared it should be kept. There was an abundance of chrysanthemums, verbenas, mignonettes, feather-grass, calycanthus, and yellow mimosa; sweet jasmine ran wild over the terrace walls; azaleas, oleanders, lilacs, peonies, guelder roses, the purple and white orris, here and there made agreeable patches of bright colour. Among the trees, forming a *bosco* on either side, were the homely hazel and the hornbeam, the cypress, tall holly, and the holm-oak, pomegranates and magnolias in full flower. And note that the hill rose up almost immedi-

ately at the back of the villa, so that there was terrace upon terrace in this garden after the first three hundred feet of level ground. White statues of gods and goddesses (mostly with their noses and fingers broken) shone out among the acacia groves, and moss-covered busts and lichened vases dotted the broad balustrades of the terraces. Ruffs and reeves, lapwings and curlews, and many a strange red-legged bird from the marshes, stepped daintily across the grass plots, clearing the garden of snails and slugs, while from the top of one of the marble pilasters an arrogant white peacock surveyed the domain as if it were his own, shrieking a caveat to all comers. On the second terrace there was a brave show of fountains that played on saints' days and holidays, and a pond full of carp for Fridays and the Lenten season.

At the end of the last of the garden terraces began the terraces of the olive orchards, and when you had passed the last of these you were in the woodland path that led up to the Observantin Convent. Oh, what gentle, what exquisite, what sweet-smelling woods! Oxeye daisies, marigolds, and feverfew, the purple and

bee orchis, red and white rock cistus, red and white champions, grape hyacinths, stars of Bethlehem, wood anemones, and how many more, were among the flowers ; thyme and mint, borage and rosemary, lavender and horehound, among the herbs ; honeysuckle and old man's beard, bryony and sarsaparilla and dog roses, among the creepers ; myrtle and arbutus, juniper and broom, and the *Erica arborea*, among the shrubs ; while chestnut and ash, larch and the elder-tree, stone-pines and holmoaks were among the trees. Green lizards tumbled and darted across the yellow path ; snakes left their sun-bath for the underwood at your coming ; the birds joined in chorus with the *cicali* and the frogs. And do but turn you round about and behold the gentle city of Lucca—gentle as the Holy Face which it enshrines—with her many towers and green ramparts, slumbering in a heat mist of the early spring ; the great plain, dotted with villages and studded with villas, cut in two by the noble aqueduct of Duchess Maria Louisa ; and far away beyond upon the horizon the tall tower of Porcari and the walled township of Montecarlo San Salvatore.

Into this realm of sunshine, into this sweet

and restful paradise, into a blithe company of the lowly who praised God in Latin, stepped my father with his vivid imagination, straight from the smoke and grime and fog, from the hurry and scurry, the rattle and roar, the give and take, of Manchester: for freezing hate he found warm love; for drudgery, liberty; for darkness, light. He had fallen asleep in Hades; now he dreamt that he was in Paradise, and he knew that some great awakening was at hand. 'Twas the awakening of his real self which had hitherto slumbered, or only fitfully been roused as between waking and sleeping.

But I must go back to my narrative. On that first evening of arrival, Baldassare led my father up to a lofty airy bedroom. The furniture in it was spare; the walls washed with but a plain yellow distemper; the floors paved with broad red bricks, now shining with the polish of centuries. White dimity curtains hung from the oaken bedstead; the high-backed chairs were likewise of oak; the mirror stood in a great swing frame; green jalousies, which Baldassare now opened wide, had kept the room cool and sweet; on the ceiling five or six *putti* sported in the bulging masses of a white cloudland. It was

the wholesomest sight my father had ever seen within doors, and the Tuscan simplicity of it went straight to his heart. But what is this on either side of the bed? On the one side a triptych with Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, St. Michael, our defender in the day of battle, and St. Martin, that dispenser of goods to the poor whom he had seen over the Duomo. On the other—

“Ah!” cried my father with much feeling.

“È il volto Santo di Lucca, Signorino,” explained Baldassare, approvingly.

But my father knew no word of the Tuscan tongue. He gazed in mute meditation upon the most beautiful, the most touching, the most *speaking* face of the Redeemer which he had ever beheld. Often had he spoken to Jesus; now the Lord Jesus was speaking to him.

“Si spicci, si spicci,—hurry, hurry,” said Baldassare; “è l’ora del desinare.” (Note that simple and beautiful “desinare” to dine, even in a great house. Now-a-days we no longer dine—we “pranzare” or banquet.)

My father washed himself in haste, changed his shirt, got into a very ill-fitting suit of black which he had bought at Liverpool, and loosely

tied his Byronic wisp of black silk. Then he descended to the library. There he stood gasping in the middle of the huge room, his breath taken from him by these rows upon rows of leather and parchment backs, fine folios in the lower shelves, rising up to quartos and octavos and diminutive duodecimos in the shelves above. There was a glass cupboard of parchments carefully rolled or folded, with a ticket hanging from each; these were the charters, the briefs and bulls, the letters-patent and notarial deeds. There was a glass cupboard of books bound in boards or parchment; these were the codexes. On the ceiling there was another heaven; Our Lady was being assumed into it, surrounded by angels and many *putti*; nosegays of bright coloured flowers were strewn among the clouds and the angels. And as my father gazed up in wonder at this constant presentment of heaven upon earth, and marvelled at the people who were for ever presenting it, he heard a sound as of the rustling of these angels' wings. But the sound brought him down to the earth from whence it came; and looking over towards the high marble mantelpiece, he saw a young girl buried deep in a brown high-backed leathern

arm-chair. Her elbow rested upon the twisted wooden arm of the chair ; her head rested upon her right hand ; her left hand held up a big book ; and the book rested upon her knee. The girl was not more than fourteen, though well-grown after the manner of Italian children. She was dressed in a thin black merino, and her frock was still short. She wore a white cambric pinafore, white stockings and black shiny shoes, buttoned across the instep by a strap. Her black hair, cut short, but now grown down below the neck, was held back by a tortoise-shell "crop" comb, which kept the black shock from falling in her eyes. Her face was marble white rather than Tuscan olive ; her black eyes dazzled by their mingled sweetness and vivacity. My father stood stock-still and clasped his hands. The girl looked full at him in great surprise, but he looked up into the painted heaven as if to see which of the angels it was that had left its paradisaical abode there and come down upon earth. My poor dear father ! What inrushings of feeling had come down upon him since he left Manchester ! The inrushing which had propelled his migration ; the inrushing of the sea into his heart ; the inrushing which had carried him into

Lord Frederick's arms; the inrushing which had taught him how the Creator may be praised in Latin; and now the inrushing which no man may escape—love, the love of man for woman. For he was in love, in love, this dear father of mine, in love, and the inrushing stirred within him for the first time lyrics that were not hymns or psalms of praise to the Lord of all things. 'Twas a sublime moment, but that it was love let one thing prove, that he who had never before distinguished between man and woman, that he who had never before taken thought what he should wear, at that sublime moment realised that his clothes were ill-fitting, that his cravat was loosely tied, that his hair might be arranged to greater advantage, that a less clumsy shoe would add lustre to his appearance. If all this be not evidence of true love, there is no love in all the universe.

The girl closed her book and rose gravely out of the depths of the arm-chair. Lord Frederick had hurried up to his room to make ready for dinner, and she had heard nothing of the presence of a stranger in the house. But this gentle stranger did not alarm her; his presence seemed to her a thing most natural,

and she held out her hand. My father still kept his hands tightly clasped : the right attitude in the presence of angels is one of adoration. Then the bright vivacious light in her eyes changed and softened wonderfully : perhaps she, too, had become a captive. Remember that she was half Italian, and let me hasten to tell thee, reader, that my father, like Jacob for Rachel, served seven years for her without speaking one word of love. This girl was Mary, only daughter of Lord Frederick Markham, called by the peasants "la Baronessina." She was the only child of her father, and the child that had cost him the life of his wife.

Lord Frederick entered briskly upon this dumb rapture. He was already late for dinner. "Been making friends?" he exclaimed ; "that's right ! Mary, this is young Mr. Walshe of Manchester, who is coming to live with us. He is to take the place of a son to me, and therefore he is your brother. What shall we call you?" he continued, turning to young Mr. Walshe. "Shall we call you Willie?"

My father dreamily signified assent, and walked down the broad marble staircase in a deep dream. They sat at the end of a long table,

Lord Frederick at the head, Mary on his right hand and my father on his left. But before Lord Frederick had sat down he had said in simple reverent tones, first crossing himself, "*Benedic nos, Domine, et hæc tua dona quæ de tua largitate sumus sumpturi, per Christum Dominum nostrum.*" "Amen," answered Mary, and it was the first word which had crossed her lips. (Then Latin even had its every-day and family uses in this country, thought my father.) The plainest fare was served, a common *brodo* with *paste*, a bit of *lesso* with carrots and artichokes, a roast chicken with salad and beetroot, a kind of custard in cups known as *zabaione*, and for dessert wild strawberries and Japanese medlars. Throughout the dinner, one kind of wine only, and that mixed with water, the plain red wine which had come from the villa's vineyards.

But my father had lost both appetite and voice. And to show you that he really was in love, he desired all the time to shine by conversation, and yet could get no word across his lips. There was no sitting over wine, as at Hale. Lord Frederick rose, and, once more crossing himself, said—

"Agimus tibi gratias, Omnipotens Deus, pro universis beneficiis tuis, qui vivis et regnas per omnia sæcula sæculorum."

"Amen," said Miss Mary.

"Et Fidelium animæ," Lord Frederick went on, with more fervour in his voice, *"per misericordiam Dei, requiescant in pace."*

And "Amen," once again said Mary.

Then they went upstairs to the library, and Lord Frederick began to entertain his young guest by showing him a portfolio of engraved portraits. My father looked over from every portrait to Mary, and quickly back again from Mary to the portrait. Somewhere about half-past eight, the piercing bell of the Observantin Convent rang out and echoed among the hills. "What!" cried Lord Frederick, springing to his feet, "un ora della notte already!" Then he and his daughter began the rapid recitation of the "De Profundis" in alternate verses, including the versicles and responses and the collect, "Fidelium Deus." Lord Frederick once more said "Oremus," and recited the following collect, with some little emotion:—

"Quæsumus, Domine, pro tua pietate miserere animæ famulæ tuæ Elisæ: et a contagiis morta-

litatis exutam, in æternæ salvationis partem restitue. Per Christum Dominum nostrum.

R. *Amen.*

V. *Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine.*

R. *Et lux perpetua luceat ei.*

V. *Requiescat in pace.*

R. *Amen.*

And "Amen," said my father, joining in these simple beautiful family devotions for the first time.

That evening he begged to retire early. He felt the need of being alone. The emotions of the day had been great. Why, it was only this morning that he met Lord Frederick, and he had already found a home, a father, a bride, and the first beginnings of a religion. He put back the green *persiane*, and gazed out into the night. It seemed to him as if he might have reached the stars, so brightly near did they shine; the crescent moon seemed suspended among the towers of Lucca, and lit up Maria Louisa's aqueduct. Lights twinkled in the great plain and up the hills over away to Montecarlo San Salvatore. The nightingale sang, the *cicali* chirped, the green frogs sent up their peculiar slow melodious gurgle; owls flew by with a noisy whirr, calling loudly. My father

gazed long upon the wonderful scene. He knelt down in reverence before the open window and folded his hands. The first words of the grace after meals came into his mind, and he repeated them with fervour. "*Agimus tibi gratias . . . agimus tibi gratias, Omnipotens Deus.*" What a sonorous roll they had, to be sure, how acceptable they must be in the sight of Almighty God. And just as he had learned in the Duomo the true nature of praise, so now he learned a real understanding of thanksgiving. This, too, was an act independent of all words: language could give it no force or validity; but since language could give it beauty, let it be clothed for ever in the most beautiful language known, and that is Low Latin. He prayed a long while at the open window, prayed with a new, because a calmer ecstasy. Then he undressed and went to bed with "*agimus tibi gratias, Omnipotens Deus,*" humming in his brain. Suddenly between waking and sleeping he sat up in bed; the remainder of the grace had come back to him: "*pro universis beneficiis tuis, qui vivis et regnas per omnia sæcula sæculorum. Amen.*" Then he turned over and fell asleep very sweetly and peacefully.

CHAPTER VII

MY FATHER TURNS STUDENT AND IS APPOINTED LIBRARIAN

My father rose at six next day mightily refreshed in body and spirit, and with an equable unruffled peace upon him that he had never known before. He threw wide the sun-shutters and looked out into the beautiful wild garden: the smell of the jessamine filled the air; the green woods beyond the garden called to him to come; the bell of the Observantin Convent was ringing the peremptory last summons for the six o'clock mass. He dressed hastily and shortened his bedside prayers that he might go out and pray among the arbutus and myrtle. He passed through the three garden terraces, climbed up the orchard, and when he got a little way up the path in the wood he turned aside a few yards, and kneeling down among the juniper bushes and crushing out the odour of the thyme with his knees, he looked over towards the city of Lucca and began to pray. He forgot where

he was and stretched out his arms in an ecstasy of joy; he forgot that he was near the pathway and cried out aloud; for he had recalled the Latin prayer of last night, and it welled up in his heart again: "*Agimus tibi gratias . . . agimus tibi gratias, Omnipotens Deus.*" He repeated it over and over again, and each time found in it a wonderful relish and consolation. It seemed to him that he had never known how to thank God before. The convent bell rang out sharply three times. He paused. Again it rang out three times. It was the Elevation bell. My father knew nothing of its significance, but it seemed like a call to prayer, and instinctively turning towards the church, he fell upon his face, adoring God in spirit and in truth.

When he raised his eyes from the ground it was to leap hastily to his feet. There had been a spectator of his prayer and adoration, and of all spectators the one most calculated to astonish a young gentleman who had never until now been outside Manchester. The spectator wore a deep brown habit, a white knotted cord was round his waist, and sandals were upon his bare feet. He was very old, the fore-

head was a mass of wrinkles, and the long protruding chin was ploughed with deep furrows; the old head was finely poised upon a pair of bowed shoulders, the white corona shone bright against a deep olive complexion. The old spectator was one of the friars from the Observantin Convent—no less a person, in fact, than the Padre Guardiano himself. There was a settled look of benignity in the face that reassured my father, a look too that spoke of a familiar experimental knowledge of the science of prayer.

“Buon giorno, signorino,” he said, following up his greeting with a melodious speech, of which my father understood not a word. But the friar pointed to the ground below, he clasped his hands, he pointed to the heavens above, and my father supposes he must have been saying that God’s own blue-vaulted temple was a very good place to pray in. My father made known by signs and nods that he could not communicate with him, and then the old friar laid a kindly hand upon his shoulder and said in the most natural way in the world—

“*Potesne loqui Latine ?*”

The blood flew into my father’s face in his excitement. Then in this country they not only

praise God in Latin, and thank Him for His mercies in Latin, but they even speak to one another in Latin. He stuttered and stammered. How easily he could have given this old friar points upon points in a classical bout, but when he came to try and fit his Latin to the needs of modern speech it clean went out of his head. What may be the Latin for "yes," he wondered? and he tried *etiam*; but as he called it *eesham*, the friar must have divined his answer from his manner and not from his speech.

"*Bene est*," he answered. "*Vado ad villam Domini Frederici ad dicendam missam. Veni mecum, fili: ibi, coram Domino Nostro Jesu Christo, potes finire orationes tuas.*"

My father turned and walked with him, but without having comprehended the unclassical word "missa." The pronunciation, too, was a difficulty. When they reached the second garden terrace they found Lord Frederick there, superintending the catching of some carp, for it was a Friday. He advanced to meet them with a twinkle of amusement in his eyes. "Well, young gentleman," he said, "you're up betimes. Good morning! Where have you been?"

But the Father Guardian was bubbling over with speech which he could not contain. He clasped his hands in the action of prayer, he raised his eyes to heaven, he bowed his old knees, he beat his breast and extended his arms like one in an ecstasy, talking very volubly the while, and many times repeating "*agimus tibi gratias.*" It was only too evident that he was recounting all he had seen among the arbutus and juniper bushes. My father blushed as scarlet as an arbutus berry. Lord Frederick clapped him on the shoulder in his kindly fashion and said something to the old friar that threw him into a still greater heat of excitement. My father learnt what it was afterwards. "Ma impossibile! He not a Catholic! Ma è impossibile! Why, I saw him in an ecstasy! I heard him pray in Latin! I saw him pray over towards the Volto Santo! I saw him turn round and fall down in adoration when the Elevation bell rang! It is impossible that he should not be a Catholic!"

"Come, come, Padre Eliseo," said Lord Frederick, "it is two minutes to seven. You, young gentleman, must amuse yourself for half an hour; then you shall have some breakfast."

"But might I not come to the religious service?" asked my father, using the language of Searle House and Hale.

"As you please, young sir," replied Lord Frederick with a shrug of the shoulders.

The chapel was a little building distinct from the villa, placed in the thickest part of the garden "bosco." A marble cross surmounted the apex; a black wooden cross was affixed to the green wooden door. A light in the little sanctuary, a silken veil before the tabernacle, most of all the little glass vessel in which the priest washes his fingers when giving communion out of the Mass, showed that Lord Frederick enjoyed the awful and anxious privilege of reserving the Blessed Sacrament. Here every day, except on Sundays, when he made a point of attending the parish church, Mass was said by one of the Franciscan fathers from Monte Santa Maria. The servants of the villa, the two gardeners, and a handful of *contadini* were already assembled; Miss Mary was kneeling at the front bench devoutly reading out of a dumpy well-thumbed "Garden of the Soul." Lord Frederick knelt down beside her, and my father knelt beside him. The simplicity

of the surroundings, the humble character of the congregation, the seclusion of the little chapel, suggested a gathering of primitive Christians. This was the first time that my father had ever heard Mass, and he knew nothing of its significance. The serving-boy was rapid and inattentive, and played with the sacring-bell. Padre Eliseo cleared his throat and spat long distances before he ascended the altar steps. The newcomer from Manchester could not well see how such a service might satisfy mystical devotion ; but he caught the solemn sound of Latin (and even of Greek), which went to his heart, and he could not but be impressed by the fact that a handful of illiterate workers in the fields seemed to think it the most natural thing in the world to kneel behind a man who had his back to them all the time, and that they followed with obvious devotion a service in a language which it is the custom to call "dead." He was impressed, too, by the silence at the two Elevations, and impressed most of all, perhaps, when Padre Eliseo, after a long silence, said in a loud voice, "*Nobis quoque peccatoribus.*" Dimly he realised that this service, too, was an "act," though he had not the faintest conception of its nature or grandeur.

Lord Frederick, his daughter, and his new-made son then adjourned to breakfast in the dining-room. Padre Eliseo joined them after he had made his thanksgiving. Black coffee and bread was the usual staple breakfast of this frugal family, but to-day there was also butter and honey and milk, in case the young gentleman fresh come from Manchester should need the support of such delicacies. Padre Eliseo had got back to the subject uppermost in his mind: "Ma è impossibile! He not a Catholic! Ma le dico che——"

Breakfast was over and done in this frugal household before eight o'clock. From eight to twelve Lord Frederick usually kept his study. The afternoon he devoted to his *poderi*, and the evenings to his daughter and to lighter reading. At nine o'clock he had prayers, and by eleven he was invariably in bed. On this particular morning he took my father with him into his study, and they fell to talking about plans.

My father was the first to speak; he was coming out of his enchanting dream. "I cannot, sir," he said, hotly but respectfully, "I cannot stay with you in this way. It is not right that I should be a charge upon you. I must go to

Rome in search of work. I must maintain myself. I must try——”

“Softly! softly! my boy,” interrupted Lord Frederick. “Now let me speak, and don’t attempt to interrupt until I have finished. If it’s work you want, I’ve plenty for you, and hard work too. Look round at this goodly array of books. There must be nearly twenty thousand distributed about the house, and I haven’t the shred of a catalogue. I appoint you my librarian if you’ll accept the modest post, and your first business will be to catalogue the library. What salary were you getting in business? What! as much as £25 a year! Well, I make you the tempting offer of £50. What say you to that? Good! Then you’re my librarian, but you’ve got to be my son too, and it is a father’s business to see to his son’s education. You’ve read a lot for your age, but let me use a father’s privilege of plain speech and tell you that you are almost wholly without real education and entirely without training. How could it be otherwise, my dear boy, snatched away as you were at a tender age from the only chances you had. And, God knows, you made the most of these. Thank Heaven, your Latin is good, and you are well

grounded in the principal classics. That is much, but what is even that without balance of mind and a sense of proportion and fitness? Now, my son, you've got to humble yourself, to turn boy again, and to go to school. For the present, content yourself with two hours cataloguing a day. I only want you to take up three subjects of education at present: logic, a stiff course of it: that will brace your mind and teach you to think accurately; French: that will teach you neatness of expression, help you also in arriving at accuracy of thought, and show you that there is a way of saying clearly even the most difficult things; and Italian, which you will need to communicate with those about you (though to be sure you will find that it has many other delights). Now do you agree to all this?"

What could my father do but agree to proposals made with so much fatherly affection, and which chimed so perfectly with his own inclinations?

"Very good, then," continued Lord Frederick. "But I can't be harbouring runaway young gentlemen under age without the consent of their parents. Write at once and tell your mother

where you are and what you propose to do. And now, my dear boy," he went on in more earnest tones, "there is but one thing left to say, and then all our arrangements will be complete. You will have seen that we are people with a different religious belief to the belief you have been brought up in; perhaps you will already have seen that the practices of this religion enter into our lives at all hours of the working day. I would not for worlds have you, out of any consideration for me, take part in these practices. If it please you to assist at our morning Mass; if you care to say 'Amen' to our grace at meals; if it interest you to be present at our evening Rosary—well and good. No one will say you nay. And if you prefer to be absent from Mass and Rosary and to be silent at grace, then likewise well and good. No one will reproach you. I desire that you should be, and that you should feel, utterly and entirely free. It would grieve and not please me, were you to pay one single exterior act of devotion to the practices of our holy religion out of any regard for me. I will not hide from you that the dearest wish of my heart, as of every Catholic heart, is to see all the human race brought to the perfect

knowledge of God's entire truth. Is it not a right, a natural instinct? Does not the Anglican, the Wesleyan, the Lutheran, the Plymouth Brother, who believes that he has the whole truth, seek to bring that truth home to the hearts of all men? And rightly. Nor will I hide from you that I believe Almighty God has sealed you to Himself. In a life that is three times as long as your own, I cannot help having had some experience of the merciful and marvellous ways of God. Have you not told me all the story of your life, and in that story I read the story of a soul that has ever anxiously sought, and with single mind striven to find, the just judgments of the hidden God. But my only weapon shall be prayer; not a soul will speak to you of religion unless you are the first to speak. I will pray for you. It is in the nature of things, it is inevitable, but a great campaign of prayer will be organised against you," he continued, smiling. "My daughter will pray for you; Padre Eliseo (who, by the way, will have it that you already are a Catholic), he and his Community will assuredly pray for you; and so will the poor workers on this estate, should they ever come to realise that you are not a Catholic. And

now, my dear boy, I have done with sermonising. May God bless you, and guide you, and prevent you in all your doings . . . This," he continued, pointing to the south wall, "is my Patristic library. I am old-fashioned, and it is my favourite. So start first of all on the cataloguing of this section."

Perhaps I ought to mention one other little incident in connection with "arrangements," and then I shall have done with the subject. It was Friday, as I have said, and there was macaroni in butter and cheese; there were eggs in a tomato sauce; there was boiled carp; and for the young gentleman from Manchester there was a fillet and fried potatoes. My father ate the meat under protest, and with the proviso that henceforth he should in all things conform to the ways of the household. And I may add that he was daily present at Mass; that he said "Amen" at grace; that he joined in the "Angelus" and the "De Profundis;" and that he took part in the nightly Rosary, though he found no savour in it. It took him some time to find out that the language of love is a language of repetition.

And now as to the scheme of education. And first as to Italian. There was an old pensioner

living in a cottage hard by the villa, who had taught in the Duke of Lucca's household, and was pensioned off when the Duchy was made over to Tuscany in 1847. He was my father's tutor in Tuscan. Better tutors still, perhaps, were the peasants of the *poderi*, who, I suspect, must have worshipped this *simpatico* young gentleman of affable manners and large heart. As the reader will have seen, he was a lad of quick parts, and under such favourable circumstances the acquisition of the Tuscan tongue came to him speedily, pleasantly, and unconsciously.

As to French, there was Miss Mary's "Made-moiselle," whom I have not yet mentioned, because she was absent from the villa, called to Tours upon the death of her mother. My father, I have already mentioned, had acquired a working knowledge of French from Herr and Monsieur Ebermann at Searle House, but that knowledge had grown over-rusty among the samples and invoices of the counting-house. He never spoke French quite comfortably, but he wrote it correctly and elegantly, and the reading of good books in French was ever one of his keenest delights. (St. Francis of Sales, Fénelon, Corneille, and the "Pensées" of Pascal were

among his favourites, while—an odd taste it may seem in one of his bent—he delighted in the “Maximes” of La Rochefoucauld, which he was wont to characterise as one of the profoundest examinations of the human heart. To the French writer, or rather writer in French, who influenced him most of all, the Count de Maistre, I ought to devote a whole chapter.)

Then as to the all-important subject of logic. He went down three days in the week to Lucca to the Dominican Convent of San Romano, to receive his lessons from an acute young friar preacher, who carried the proud letters S.T.L. after his name. This young friar, Padre Raimondo Beltrami, to give him his name (he is dead, alas!), was endowed with a subtlety of intelligence peculiar in its kind to the Catholic Church, and even more peculiar to the Order which has produced the Angelic Doctor. Padre Raimondo could split up the narrowest idea into a surprising number of component parts. He found a *distinguo quoad* for almost every proposition, and he uttered that word *distinguo* with a gusto and relish that seemed to add a force to all his arguments. My father in one thing may be said to have been like Mr. Walter Shandy, and

that was in his careful regard for the *minutiae* of philosophy. "Knowledge, like matter, Mr. Shandy would affirm, was divisible *in infinitum*, that the grains and scruples were as much a part of it as the gravitation of the whole world. In a word, he would say error was error, no matter where it fell; whether in a fraction or a pound, 'twas alike fatal to truth; and she was kept down at the bottom of her well as inevitably by a mistake in the dust of a butterfly's wing, as in the disk of the sun, the moon, and all the stars of heaven put together."¹

Goudin was the Manual he used. When I came to do my course of logic Goudin was already supplanted by Cardinal Zigliara; but I remember that we used to take our "*Regulæ Syllogismi*" from Goudin as a thing which was final and could not be improved upon. And note that these lessons in logic were done from beginning to end—examples, definitions, chit-chat and all—in Low Latin. If the pupil, in a quandary, dropped into broken Tuscan or imperfect French, he was immediately pulled up and rapped over the knuckles. In this way my father laid that foundation of easy conver-

¹ "Tristram Shandy," vol. ii. chap. xix.

sational Latin for which he was afterwards distinguished, and which helped him, both in correspondence and speech, to communicate with German, Portuguese, and Spanish ecclesiastics. How eagerly he plunged into the bracing science of logic! The "prolegomena" disheartened and bewildered him a bit. He woke up with a burst of understanding when he came to the "categories" or essential "genera" which may be predicated of a given thing. He began to divine the science of allocation or arrangement, and his mind took to constructing instead of dissecting. He learned that perception was an intuitive act of the mind, which, when formulated within the mind, became an affirmative or negative "judgment," and when put into words became an affirmative or negative "proposition." Another act of the mind was "ratiocination," which was a mental comparison of several of those acts of the mind called "judgments," and "ratiocination" when formed in words became "argumentation" (*argumentatio*). There were seven kinds of "argumentatio," but the divinest kind of all was the syllogism, which my father never moved a step without employing in all and sundry matters. 'Twas the

science of logic, he was wont to say, that kept the world upon its axis and a man's head upon his shoulders. In fact, it was the beginning and end of wisdom and common sense. It was, he would say, the want of logic or the inability to draw the right conclusions from propositions that caused the Fall of Man, the Deluge, the Destruction of Jerusalem, the Disruption of the Eastern Empire, the Schism of the Oriental Churches, the Protestant Revolt, the Puritan Régime, the Whig Revolution, and the Cataclysm of 1789.

Though never deep in science, my father could prove to you by the rule of the "Contradictories" that the earth, although revolving on its axis, only showed one face to the sun. And on this wise: if the earth did not move on its axis it would show both sides to the sun; that is obvious. But the earth does the "contradictory" to not moving on its axis, therefore it does the opposite, and only shows one side to the sun. Perfectly sound and very useful reasoning, and he would add that modern men of science lost half their usefulness and wasted half their energies through not having been properly grounded in logic.

From logic he gathered a few first principles which were as the light of his eyes at all times. They may sound exceedingly elemental, yet I find them—and especially Nos. 3, 4, and 5—most constantly denied or belied by the modern world:—

1. The same thing cannot be and not be at the same time.

2. What can be predicated of the whole may be predicated of its parts.

3. You cannot find in the conclusion that which does not exist in the premises.

4. Contradictories cannot be both true and both false.

5. Yet contraries can be both false, though never both true.

Here is a little outburst in his diary written in 1899 just before his death. “Alas!” he says, “common-sense methods and common-sense philosophy seem daily on the decline. There is less vital power of thought now-a-days, and next to no exactitude; men fritter away time and intellectual energy in reading ephemeral, unsubstantial, loose-thinking moderns, who shed nebulousity as they go. How much of the belief around us is founded on the prin-

ciple that the same thing *can* be and not be at the same time, that a little less than the whole is as good as the whole, that contradictories may both be true; nay, have not people of late been affirming that there is an Anno Domini Zero, and that a series of 1 to 100 may end with 99. Three centuries of separation from the exact thought and common-sense methods of Catholicism is beginning to tell upon the European intellect. Men have need to return for an intellectual bracing to some of the giants of the past with their robust thought, clear methods, and keen sense of the consequences of a syllogism. I have just been reading a chapter by one of those giants. It is that familiar letter which the Count de Maistre wrote to a 'dame Protestante' on the time-honoured maxim, 'Qu'un honnête homme ne change jamais de religion.' What lucidity of thought, what remorseless, irrefragable reasoning! It puts the point as between Catholics and non-Catholics in a nutshell—one of the characteristic gifts of common sense. How obvious, we exclaim, as we follow the argument; yes, but how seldom in argument do we find the Catholic driving home the fact that the non-

Catholic Christian does not deny his faith by becoming a Catholic; that he continues to believe all he used to believe *plus* some further doctrines; that he has added to his faith, not changed it. There is nothing new in all this, we again exclaim. No, there is nothing new; but it is just the old and the obvious that need, in these days, the elucidation of genius, and the great Count has illustrated this old point with a clearness and precision that should penetrate the vapours of the cloudiest brain."

But I must draw rein. I could continue for ever with instances of my father's fondness of nice reasoning, but there is no need to try the reader's patience; the subject will become evident enough as this Memoir proceeds.

CHAPTER VIII

MY FATHER BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH HERALDRY

LIFE moved along tranquilly at the Villa Fabriani. For the first time in his life my father came under humane and civilising influences. Intellectual intercourse with Lord Frederick, with ecclesiastics and professors from the town, his friends; the new savour of what I might call domestic archæology and history derived from contact with the old patrician families of Lucca; the secret worship of Mary Markham; the demonstrative kindness of Baldassare, and all the servants, and all the *contadini*; the cheery friendship of the *frati* up at Monte Santa Maria; the green woods, the beneficent heat, the still starry beautiful nights; the sights of an ancient city, whose roots stretch deep down into an illustrious past, and the knowledge of her noble history; and then the religious shrines at every turn, the bells which twenty times a day rang out to proclaim man's recognition of his Creator, the

constant services of praise and prayer, the constant religious practices, which exalted some days above Sundays and sanctified all working days : all these things worked powerfully in his soul and brought him a sense of continuous peace which he had never known before.

I have said that he arrived at the Villa Fabriani in the early days of May 1855. After two and a half months reading, study, and cataloguing (which he enjoyed immensely, picking up great stores of knowledge by the way), there was an adjournment to a small villa below Antignano for sea-bathing. He had spent some unhappy weeks at New Brighton and Rhyll. These were the only sea-bathing places he knew, but, being in misery at the time or morbidly absorbed in books, he had never learned to swim. The villa at Antignano had its own *baracca*, or bathing-place, and in the buoyant Tyrrhenian waters he found it impossible to sink, and in a fortnight could swim out as far as Lord Frederick himself.

But all the while he was longing to be back at the villa and in the library, longing above all to be back at his logic. He had already tasted of the sweets of the syllogism ; the joys

of applied logic awaited him at his return. There is a curious climatic fact in Italy. If one gets but a few feet above the sea-level, the air at once undergoes a surprising change. In the year 1855, of which I am writing, no one thought of going to those high Apennine resorts which have since become so fashionable. The Tuscan instinctively went to the nearest hill beyond the plain on which he lived, irrespective of its altitude. Thus the Livornesi were content with the close-lying Montenero; the Pisans never went beyond Bagni San Giuliano; the Lucchesi were well satisfied with the beautiful hills round about the city, or the Bagni di Lucca (quite a formidable mountain resort, 800 feet); the Florentines flitted to the hills which surround their enchanting city. What a change now-a-days, when Italians think that they must breathe the air of 3000 or 4000 feet to keep sane and sound. Lord Frederick sought no other mountain resort than the Villa Fabriani (200 feet); so my father was glad to find himself back there at the beginning of September.

He set to at once upon French and Tuscan again, but logic he could not recommence because Padre Raimondo was absent until October.

The cataloguing of the Patristic section of the library had been finished before going to the seaside. On their return Lord Frederick set him upon cataloguing the rich heraldic section. Heraldry! he did not even know what it was. If he had ever seen coats-of-arms upon buildings, or carriages, or engravings, he had not given them a thought, but, after the manner of men, had looked upon them as a mere decorative adjunct. He had, then, absolutely not the faintest notion what it meant to catalogue heraldic books when, on the 3rd September 1855, he took down Hugh Clark's "Introduction" to make the first entry, because the idea of an "introduction" had an easy sound about it. He skipped the introduction to the "Introduction," and glanced at Table I.: points of the Escutcheon. At once he detected those elements of finality and completeness which always had a fascination for a mind that from infancy had thirsted for that finality which is surely the natural food of the human mind. Yes; here was a thing called an escutcheon, a mathematical diagram, and it was divided into all the possible points of which it could possibly admit. He passed on to tinctures and

furs, and found, if not all the metals and colours in existence, yet all that were admitted by this science. Finality again, and finality without explanation or apology. Then he came to the partition lines and more finality. Just as he always had, with that unscientific mind of his, the greatest difficulty in remembering whether it was the east the sun set in or the west, so with regard to the direction of a thing he always had to pause and consider whether it was perpendicular he meant or horizontal. Away for ever with such initial difficulties: his perpendicular became "per pale;" his horizontal "per fess;" a conjunction of the two, "per cross;" oblique became "per bend" or "per bend sinister," according to position; a conjunction of the two, "per saltire." No longer would he have any difficulty in distinguishing between the French and the Dutch tricolours (a point that had arisen upon the voyage). Why, of course, the French tricolour was tierced "in pale," the Dutch was tierced "in fess;" what need, then, of such confusing terms as horizontal and perpendicular. He laughed aloud at the exquisite elemental simplicity of it all, and plunged into the ordinaries and subordinaries.

He leaped over the charges, for he saw at a glance how they should be used; he came to the rules of blazoning, and drew a deep breath; his eyes grew dim with excited tears.

Rat! tat! tat! Rat! tat! tat! came three times at the library door before he could recall that the right answer to such a sound was "avanti." Old Baldassare put his grey head in at the door, and announced that "colazione" was "in tavola." "Where am I?" the student asked himself, "and what may luncheon be, and who is this respectable old person who seems to know me?" Baldassare inquired if the Signorino were indisposed, and again announced that luncheon was ready, and that the "Signor Barone" and the "Baronessina" awaited his good pleasure. The "Barone,"—who might he be? The "Baronessina"—ah! he remembered her well enough, the bright sweet face and black tumbling hair. He made haste to come to the luncheon table. His eyes were bright and glistening: not even the "Baronessina" called him to this from his new world of knowledge.

"Well," cried Lord Frederick cheerily, "had a pleasant morning?"

"Pleasant? Yes, sir!"

"Done a lot of cataloguing?"

My father blushed scarlet. Only then did it occur to him that he had been wasting his master's time. He equivocated for the first time in his life. "Not ve-very much, sir," he answered. He resolved to make up for his dereliction of duty in the afternoon, for that was his free time, and he could then do his two hours of cataloguing.

Back he went to the library. Lord Frederick was out of doors all day in these days, busy about the olives and the vintage. He turned to the title-page of Clark to make a proper entry in the catalogue. A page or two slipped back, and he read in the table of contents the word "marshalling." What may marshalling mean, he wondered. Conscience died within him all of a sudden. How much more high-sounding and noble a thing was "marshalling" than poor, timid, shrinking, cowering, worrying conscience! He turned to see. "Marshalling coats-of-arms is the art of disposing several, or more than one, of them in one escutcheon, and of distributing their parts and contingent ornaments in proper places." Distributing parts! and contingent ornaments! and in their *proper* places!

Conscience lay down and had a long sleep, during which countless delicious experiments in marshalling were made. Then he passed on to exterior ornaments—helmets, mantling, wreaths, crests, badges, mottoes, supporters, and back again convulsively to the partition lines, lest he should have forgotten them. Conscience woke up with a start at four o'clock. The devil was quickly at his ear, telling him he could do four hours cataloguing to-morrow, and make up for lost time. So he could, to be sure; what a simple solution! "Shame upon you," said conscience. And then my father got up resolutely and put the fiend Clark back upon the shelf. Why, he could begin cataloguing forthwith; there were still two hours before dinner. But the devil would have it that his eye should catch "Spener" on the shelves. Heaven help him now, for the "Opus Heraldicum" is writ entirely in Latin! If Heaven helped him, he heeded not its succour, and soon knew not where he was or what he did. Not only had he discovered a science which is at the same time exact and picturesque, but he had lit upon a treatise on it in the exactest, the most absorbing, and the most expressive of all languages!

Rat! tat! tat! Rat! tat! tat! came at the door, and old Baldassare put his head in with the announcement, "È in tavola, sa!" But his manner changed all of a sudden as he gazed upon the flushed face and dancing eyes before him and noted the dishevelled hair. "Ma cos' ha, Signorino? What is the matter with you? But you are ill; you have the fever; you should be in bed!"

They were all in the pay of the devil that day. The old man put the idea in his head, and from equivocation he passed on to lying. "Yes, Baldassare, I am not well. I am going up to bed. Good-night. Make my excuses to the Signor Barone."

The powers of darkness had triumphed. He put volume i. of the "Opus Heraldicum" back on the shelves, seized upon Clark and the notes he had made, and hurried up to his bedroom for some hours of stolen delight.

At Hale he might have been left in peace had he not showed up at dinner. But he had forgotten that here he was surrounded with a loving solicitude. About half-past nine there came a firm rat! tat! at his door, and in walked my Lord Frederick, with a look of concern upon

his face. At the sight of that dear benefactor and kind father, when he beheld the noble face that had shone upon him as a beacon in his lost condition in the streets of Leghorn, my father rushed forward and fell upon his knees in a fit of weeping. His attitude said, as plain as words could say, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." My lord sat him down on one of the high-backed bedroom chairs looking a trifle grave, and my father took three steps towards him on his knees, and buried his face in a loving embrace. "My dear boy, what is the matter?" asked Lord Frederick in his kindest tones. And then my father told him everything—everything; just as he had told him everything in the little inn at Leghorn; how he had been guilty of five heinous sins that day; how he had forgotten God; how he had failed in his duty to his benefactor; how he had been guilty of idleness, equivocation, and lying.

But Lord Frederick put his arm round the penitent, in a very uncomfortable state of the emotions, and said, "My dear, dear boy." And this he repeated a great many times. But when he had got the better of his emotion he said in a

very fine burst of mock anger, "You have confessed your sins to me, and for your sins you must do penance. Understand me, young man: for two whole weeks I suspend your studies; you do no cataloguing in my library; and for two whole weeks you are to read no books save such as relate to the noble and most exalted science of heraldry." Lord Frederick got up very abruptly and made for the door. But he turned quickly on his heel. "I have not quite completed your penance," he said. "Give me that book. And now," he went on, "say your prayers and go to bed like a good boy and sleep sound."

Once more he turned to go, but somehow, without knowing how, he was back again, holding my father to his breast in a close embrace. "My dear, dear boy!" he said, fairly choking; "my dear, dear boy!" And no other words could he get across his lips for the tears that were in his voice, but he repeated them again, and again, and again, in every cadence known to love's gamut. But I say, may God bless him with a triple benediction, nor do I forget daily to pray the Dispenser Supreme that his dear soul may be at rest in the peace of eternity, though all the while I feel sure that the immortal part of

him sped straight from his peaceful deathbed, through the Gates of Paradise into the loving arms of Him in Whose sight he had ever striven to live the life of a pure and loyal Christian gentleman.

CHAPTER IX

MY FATHER TURNS CATHOLIC

AND now, dear reader, if you have followed me thus far, I crave your leave to make a brief personal explanation. In writing the necessary memoir of Mr. Walshe to precede his complete works, I had thought of dismissing in one brief chapter his father and mother, his childhood and boyhood, his going into business and his flight therefrom, his reception into the Catholic Church and his marriage. I had intended to commence from the days that I could first remember him, and to dwell upon those later days in which I was joined to him in the happy excitement of absorbing studies. But I had read and re-read those "Recollections" so dear to me, and my pen, inspired by them, has run away with me. My idea had been that this Memoir should have been published together with his exquisite little "Life of St. Clare" as the first volume of the series. Now I see that the Memoir is sure to run to a bulk which will need separate publica-

tion. One thing more (alas!): the first part of this book being inspired by the "Recollections," cannot fail to be much more interesting than the latter half, which is derived mainly from my own observations. Moreover, incident, as the world understands that term, practically drops from Mr. Walshe's life with his marriage, and I have to enter upon the domains of a patient, retiring scholar and a humble, retiring saint. But let all that pass. Even the rudest hand, I will hope, could not help bringing out some of the finer qualities of so simple, so unspotted, so beautiful a character.

Yet a further word of explanation. I have called this chapter "My Father turns Catholic," and in it he does turn Catholic. But of the arguments which influenced him to that step, or the difficulties which kept him for a time from taking it, I would say as little as is possible consistent with the rationale of this Memoir. I would not for a kingdom that a biography of my gentle father should become, through any means of mine, an occasion of religious controversy. He was never in any definite sense an Anglican; he escaped confirmation in that Church through leaving school at fifteen; he

never took the Sacrament in that Church, because there was no one in his home who cared whether he did or not. He was accustomed to say in after life that he knew nothing of the virtues of the English Church until he left it, and never appreciated the good qualities of the dissenting sects until he turned Catholic. What need have I to emphasise the weak points of so respectable a communion as the National Church by law established, or to call attention to the want of logic in the sects by law tolerated? My father's life of itself justifies his faith, commends and recommends it more eloquently than all the irrefragable "pros" and "cons" ever adduced in support of a system of religious belief. Besides, there is no need to make excuses for obedience to conscience, or to justify a step which has been taken by many of the noblest and best Englishmen of the nineteenth century.

And yet something must be said if I am to be faithful to my subject. I think my father's immediate conversion came through the Catholic mystics. In them he found mysticism depending upon a system which was not in itself necessarily mystical, but rather practical. In them he found every avenue to personal pride or self-

esteem rigorously cut off; in them he found men and women who, while rapt in contemplation of the dizzying heights and the vertiginous depths of the Divine Being, yet had a scrupulous care of the daily practical virtues, and never failed in their obedience to the natural homely instinct of common sense. In other words, and to put it quite bluntly, the Catholic mystics were people who kept their heads upon their shoulders, and would allow of no sublime contemplation that was not accompanied by the homespun virtues. The Catholic mystics did not insist upon mysticism for all; they distinguished between the commandments and the precepts; the Catholic mystic was wide-minded, the non-Catholic narrow and yet unrestrained. When he was seventeen (and earlier) he had known and been fascinated by William Law and Peter Sterry, Jacob Böhme and Robert Fludd, Francis Lee and Jeremy White, Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck, Henry More's "Divine Dialogues," Jane Lead's "Fountain of Gardens," Robert Roach's "Imperial Standard," Bromley's "Way to the Sabbath of Rest," Bramwell's "Life" by Sigston, "the Lord's Dealings with Müller," and how many other strange writers

whom I find briefly commented upon in the "Re-collections," but of whom I know nothing whatsoever myself. It was not until he came to have the run of Lord Frederick's library that he read Walter Hilton's "Ladder of Perfection," Father Baker's "Sancta Sophia," St. Theresa and St. John of the Cross in an Italian version, Father Constantin de Barbanson's "Compendium of True Mystical Theology," Denis the Carthusian, St. Francis of Sales and Fénelon, Henry Suso in the Latin, Harphius, Taulerus, and Ruysbrochius,¹ and, above all, the great Abbot Blosius, who remained unto the very last his favourite spiritual writer. Father Lorenzo Scupoli I do not reckon among mystical writers; nay, rather will I call him the sure corrective of the excesses into which mysticism might lead the vain and unwary; but about this time

¹ Or Ruysbroeck, as M. Maeterlinck, a modern of the moderns, persists in calling him. I could as triumphantly call Hugo Grotius "Huig van Groot" (and then triumphantly ask you whom I mean). The dead Latin language has a vitality known to no other tongue: it has actually been able to strip a genius of the name which God gave him, and endow him with a name by which all mortals know him. I know of no spirit more paltry and pitiful than that which would rob a great man of his Latin appellation. Some day, perhaps, an enlightened age will kick against Slawkenbergius, and insist upon calling the immortal author of the treatise "De Nasis" Herr Slawkenberg.—P. A. W.

my father was greatly influenced and braced by the daily absorption of his "Spiritual Combat." I cannot now recall who the holy person was that said the "Imitation" told him what to do and the "Spiritual Combat" how to do it (surely it must have been St. Francis of Sales?), but it is certain that my father had a similar experience, and through the influence of this little book he had begun a Catholic life some months before he became a Catholic.

Catholic mysticism was then, I take it, the *causa adequata* of Mr. Walshe's conversion to Catholicism. But I must not omit, as *causa inadequata superior*, Logic, which helped him to grasp the idea of oneness. A very simple matter the candid reader may think, but that there is in the complex human mind a strange natural tendency to embrace as consistent, contradictions in one and the same idea of unity. Are there not Englishmen who affirm that there are three branches of a Church, each contradicting one another in dogma, the only true test of oneness, and yet forming one and the same body?¹ It may be but the grain of dust of a butterfly's

¹ My friend seems momentarily to have forgotten his resolve not to trench upon controversial matter. But I am bound to print what he has written.—M. C.

wing that separates East from West, but the grain happens to relate to an infinite matter, and therefore the separation is infinite. Nor should I omit as *causa inadequata inferior* the noble Latin tongue, which, as the language of the Church, told upon my father's emotions by its sublimity, and helped him in his reasonings by its subtlety and lucidity. How much more might I not say, were I not resolved that peace is to come out of a peaceful life, and not a strife of words or a storm of controversy.

John William Walshe, the subject of this Memoir, was received into the Catholic Church on the eve of Palm Sunday, 1856. As you drive from Lucca to the baths of Lucca, just beyond Ponte-a-Moriano, in the valley of the Serchio, rises the Monte S. Angelo, and the white building on the top of it is a Passionist retreat. Here my father arrived on the eve of Passion Sunday to prepare himself in peace and quietness for the step he was about to take. He went through the regular exercises of a retreat, tasting the sweets of silence which was naturally so dear to him. He also kept choir with the fathers, thus receiving his first lesson in practical liturgy. On Thursday and Friday

he made his general confession ; on Saturday was conditionally baptized ; and on Palm Sunday at seven in the morning, Lord Frederick and his daughter having come over for the occasion, he knelt at the altar rails to receive into his bosom that dear Lord Jesus upon whom he had so often called in the bitter hours and turbulent days of his childhood and boyhood.¹

¹ I cannot but regret that Mr. Philip Walshe has thought fit to pass over with such exceeding brevity this momentous event in his father's life. It would surely have been extremely instructive to have had a full account of all the circumstances and reasons which led to the change. My friend, I know, was sensitively anxious to avoid anything which would lead to religious controversy. But oh ! the vanity of human wishes, for surely in the very next chapter he has forgotten that De Maistre's argument against the Anglican Church is just of the sort to lead to a storm of controversy. Perhaps in copying straight from the "Recollections," instead of writing himself, he was led to forget the very salutary principle which he had set before him.
—M. C.

CHAPTER X

MY FATHER IS INTRODUCED TO THE COUNT

JOSEPH DE MAISTRE

IT is extraordinary to me, when I remember the inrushings of feeling to which he had been subject, how tranquilly my father came into the Church. It was for all the world like coming into the still waters of a harbour after a raging storm. He was at rest, and his mind in consequence began to work with great vigour and activity. That Carlyle, whom he ceased to read but never ceased to admire, has said that a clerk cannot for ever be verifying his ready-reckoner. My father had acquired complete faith in God's own ready-reckoner, as I may call the Church, and he never once found it fail him in his life's calculations.

He came into the Church tranquilly, as I have said, but he did not immediately discover his settled place therein. Faith, like marriage, is a leap in the dark into a new state of life. Not until the leap is taken does real knowledge

come, and only then when sufficient time has passed to allow of recovery from the dizzying effects of the leap. My father had very much yet to learn about the Catholic Church: he could barely follow the Mass; Vespers still muddled him; he could in nowise come to a satisfactory conclusion as to his private devotions, or the pious practices he should adopt, or the Sodalities he should join. The born Catholic takes the Church's riches as a matter of course; he comes of a long line of Catholics, and was born to untold spiritual riches; however humble in the world, in the Church he is an aristocrat. The convert comes into his spiritual riches by the sweat of his brow and after much tribulation and anguish; like the gainer of new wealth, he is apt to handle his riches overmuch, to waste time in grateful raptures over them, and Mr. Walshe was no exception to the rule. Peace, perfect peace was in his soul, but it was obvious that he needed a steadying influence. That steadying influence appeared upon the scene about six months afterwards in the majestic figure of the Count Joseph de Maistre.

The Count de Maistre died in 1821, and his

"Letters" did not appear until 1851. It had been the fashion up to that date to decry the great Count as hard and stern and narrow, to call him a bigot, an absolutist, a reactionary, an obscurantist, and all the stock epithets which it is the custom of the little to apply to the great who will not walk on the broad and easy way which leadeth to destruction. But after the appearance of the "Letters," for very shame, the puny had to keep silence, while the better sort gladly admitted that the formidable Count was wise and witty, affectionate and even tender in his domestic circle, skilled in human weaknesses and extremely tolerant of human failings (" *Quand on n'éviterait qu'une faute en dix ans, ce serait quelque chose*," he says somewhere). Since then, the world, on the whole, has ceased to cavil at this great man; it has known how to serve its purpose better: it has left him severely alone.

The *Lettres and Opuscules* was the first work of De Maistre's¹ that came in Mr. Walshe's

¹ Of course, as he himself pleads (in a letter to M. Syon, a Piedmontese, dated 14th November 1820), he should be called "Maistre" in such a connection in accordance with the elementary rules of French grammar. But it is too late now, and it would be idle and pedantic, to try and remedy an error which has become deep-rooted in all English references to the great writer.—P. Æ. W.

way. He read the two volumes through three times, and so greatly was he carried away by the charm of the work, that he never even paused to ask what other works this author might have written. But he was soon deep in *Du Pape*, the *Principe Générateur*, and the *Soirées de St. Pétersbourg*. Under the invigorating influence of this bracing thought, the last of the cobwebs were fairly brushed out of his mind for ever, and he found himself equipped not only with a true and robust view of his religious belief, but likewise with a complete and convincing scheme of political science. I regret that he has not left us a Life of the great "Allobroge" with a complete exposition of his teaching: 'tis a work much needed in England. But I copy some impressions of De Maistre from the "Recollections" which relate to this period.

"The night was dark; I was far from home; an ugly journey lay before me through dreariest difficult country. It was useless to try and grope my way alone; the necessity of a guide had become obvious. Guides there were in plenty swarming about the halfway house, attractive, pleasant fellows many of them, excellent conversationalists and charming companions all of them.

But when I came to examine their credentials, they were all woefully deficient ; not one of them could produce a certificate legalised by the Master of the Road. Not one, until, as a last resort, I examined the credentials of the least officious and most unattractive of them all, an old man, to me seemingly past work, coming of an ancient family of guides founded by one Peter the Galilean, now nearly two thousand years ago, and, strange to say, his papers alone were in order. It was no time for trifling ; reason and common sense obliged me to engage him in spite of a strong personal antipathy.

“So we started out together on that memorable journey. My antipathy seemed to increase with the difficulties of the road : he was no boon companion this guide of mine ; he declined to learn of me or be lectured by me ; he ignored all my suggestions to proceed by pleasant places, and ever led me from the broad highways to narrow rough impassable paths. It was not until I had accomplished a good stretch of the journey, wounded, weary, and footsore through overmuch neglect of orders, that I met on the road the venerable and majestic figure of the Count de Maistre, who, turning back with me,

unfolded all the rich treasures of his heart and mind, and taught me to love my guide, and to follow him with implicit confidence and reverential obedience.

“It was not that De Maistre had anything precisely new to tell me about the road: it was his view of the road, his view of my guide, his neat conclusive exegesis of the reasonableness of common sense, his common-sense uses of reason, his terse refutations, without weary ratiocination, by inspiration as it were, of popular, dearly loved theories, his thousand and one wise and witty sayings, all of them springing to my lips in happy rejoinder to the insolent passers-by who mocked at my guide. It was all these things, coupled with his splendid exposition of the Catholic attitude, that caused me to bow down and call him master.

“I suppose that no Catholic book of the century has had so great an influence upon the conduct and destinies of modern Catholics as *Du Pape*, which appeared in 1820. Gallicanism fled before it; Febronianism lay down and died under it; the gibbering ghost of Jansenism melted into thin air at its coming. It is not too much to say, humanly speaking, that *Du Pape* made the

great *Syllabus* possible and the Vatican definition imperative. Nor was this book without its influence on the Catholic revival in England. Alas! that it should not have been more studied at Oxford; but the leaders of the Tractarians were too much occupied by the necessity of acquiring, after a long slumber, the very elements of Catholicism and liturgical science; and the fatal fascination which the indeterminate in religion has for the modern mind, has been suffered to grow apace until it threatens to become a national danger.

“One of my dearest friends was an Anglican who had been in the thick of that Oxford movement. His views would be considered moderate now-a-days; they were thought extreme in 1870. I think he was altogether the most lovable soul I have ever known, and he had as fine an intelligence as I have ever met with. God knows how I longed to see him a Catholic, how I prayed for him, how I offered my communions for him, how I had holy mass said for his conversion. But he, while daily growing in charity and all lovable qualities, seemed to become more than ever rootedly fixed in High Church Anglicanism. I cannot to this day tell

what held him back. He could not explain it himself; I do not think he was conscious of being evasive, yet he perpetually slipped through my fingers. It is seldom, indeed, that I have ever entered into anything approaching religious controversy, but I did ask this friend, for the great love I bore him, to read *Du Pape*. He smiled and was evasive. I returned to the charge again and again; I wrote to him; I asked him as a favour that he would read *Du Pape*, but a year went by and he never did so.

“I then sat down and copied out a page of the book. It contains an argument against Anglicanism, but not the argument of a controversialist; simply the common-sense conclusions of a wise man clothed in winged words. My friend read this page through thrice, knelt down in prayer for ten minutes, put on his hat, went out in search of the nearest Catholic priest, and tumultuously demanded to be received into the Church. The winged words of De Maistre had brought the card castle of the *Via Media* toppling about his ears beyond all earthly hope of reconstruction. These were the words which I had copied:—

““L’Église anglicane est d’ailleurs la seule

association du monde qui se soit déclarée nulle . . . dans l'acte même qui la constitue. Elle a proclamé solennellement dans cet acte Trente-neuf Articles, ni plus, ni moins, absolument nécessaires au salut, et qu'il faut jurer pour appartenir à cette Église. Mais l'un de ces articles (le XIX^e) déclare solennellement que Dieu, en constituant son Église n'a point laissé l'infaillibilité sur la terre ; que toutes les Églises se sont trompées, à commencer par celle de Rome ; qu'elles se sont trompées grossièrement, même sur le dogme, même sur la morale ; en sorte qu'aucune d'elles ne possède le droit de prescrire la croyance, et que l'écriture sainte est l'unique règle chrétien. L'Église anglicane déclare donc à ses enfants qu'elle a bien le droit de leur commander, mais qu'ils ont le droit de ne pas lui obéir. Dans le même moment, avec la même plume, avec la même encre, sur le même papier, elle déclare le dogme et déclare qu'elle n'a pas le droit de le déclarer. J'espère que dans l'interminable catalogue des folies humaines, celle-là tiendra toujours une des premières places.' How simple the view: yet it had never occurred to my friend that his Church, while prescribing to her children the articles touching *true* religion,

admitted at the same moment that she might be in error about those articles.

“ But if *Du Pape* has had the widest influence of all De Maistre’s works, the influence of the *Soirées de St. Pétersbourg* has even been more momentous, in that it has appealed to and satisfied that smaller section of mankind—much to be pitied and much to be considered—that is troubled by reason of God’s inscrutable ways with the children of men. This book, more than any other, has helped a few struggling souls to see that the mysteries of faith are a light and easy burden beside the mysteries of the grievous, hopeless burden of unbelief. Mystery against mystery: if original sin and the exclusion of one single soul from the beatific vision trouble and perplex the intellect, how easy of belief are they, how reasonable, in comparison with belief in a First Cause that you must call Unknowable, though its very appellation implies the knowledge that it has causality, or with that God of the Theists who, denying the calamity of the Fall, have to believe that man left his Creator’s hands fractured in the will. ‘Assemblage inconcevable de deux puissances différentes et incompatibles’—thus De Maistre

describes man in his famous *Deuxième Entretien* — ‘centaure monstreux, il sent qu’il est le résultat de quelque forfait inconnu, de quelque mélange détestable qui a vicié l’homme jusque dans son essence la plus intime. Toute intelligence est par sa nature même le résultat, à la fois ternaire et unique, d’une *perception* qui appréhende, d’un *raison* qui affirme, et d’une volonté qui agit. Les deux premières puissances ne sont qu’affaiblies dans l’homme ; mais la troisième est brisée. . . . C’est dans cette troisième puissance que l’homme se sent blessé à mort. Il ne sait ce qu’il veut ; il veut ce qu’il ne veut pas ; il ne veut pas ce qu’il veut ; il voudrait vouloir. . . . Qui pourrait croire,’ he then cries, ‘qui pourrait croire qu’un tel être ait pu sortir dans cet état des mains du Créateur ? Cette idée est si révoltante que la philosophie seule . . . a deviné le péché originel.’

“There is one point on which no man has ever quarrelled with Joseph de Maistre, and that is the quality of his style. He was not a Frenchman, but a subject of the King of Sardinia, and yet I should suppose that he is the greatest master of French style who ever lived. ‘Son vraie triomphe,’ says Lamartine, ‘est

dans le style. Il est ici, non sans égal, mais sans pareil.' By reason of his style, he goes on to say, you will read him for the mere pleasure of reading. It needs, he continues, a compound of the styles of three great Frenchmen to make up the style of this great writer. He has the elevation of Bossuet, the sarcasm of Voltaire, the depth of Pascal.

"In De Maistre wit and wisdom go hand in hand; neatness, deftness, conciseness are elements of his every phrase; he can tell you the whole duty of man or the real object of religion or philosophy in a single sentence of a few winged words. Would you know the whole duty of man? 'L'homme doit agir comme s'il pouvait tout, et se résigner comme s'il ne pouvait rien.' Or the whole duty of parents? 'Il faut amuser les jeunes gens afin qu'ils ne s'amuse pas.' Or the whole duty of the student? 'Il n'y a point de méthodes faciles pour apprendre les choses difficiles. L'unique méthode est de fermer sa porte, de faire dire qu'on n'y est pas, et de travailler.' Or would you know the most dangerous form of ignorance, the ignorance which is the cause of the worst prejudices against the truth? 'Les plus ignorants des

hommes sont ceux qui prennent pour un mal l'inconvénient du bien.' *L'inconvénient du bien!* It seemed to me that I had known no wisdom until I read this phrase. Why, I too, all my life long, had been taking the mere 'inconvénient du bien' for a positive evil, and had indeed been the most ignorant of men.

"But one other tribute to my Master. One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic: those are the four great notes of the Church. But they need much proof and exposition. Joseph de Maistre has divined a fifth note, which is now-a-days every bit as conclusive: 'Tous les ennemis de Rome sont amis!' That is the great glory of the modern Church: she is one within herself, and is yet so powerful as to make all other bodies outside her one against herself."

CHAPTER XI

MY FATHER MARRIES

THE years 1855 to 1861 slipped away speedily and tranquilly. They were years of perfect happiness to my father. Under such favourable circumstances he gradually ripened into a consummate scholar. Bibliography, Palæography, and Liturgical studies divided his attention with Heraldry, Numismatics, Chronology, Genealogy, and the Laws of Succession. By the time he was twenty-one he was in active correspondence with a number of learned societies and distinguished men; and it must have been rather a proud moment—if ever, indeed, he felt the sensations of pride—when the learned Cardinal Palladini gratefully acknowledged the valuable assistance of “D. Joannes Walshius” in the preface to his *Tractatus de Rebus Liturgicis*. I could point to more than one second edition which owes its greater value to the long list of corrigenda which “Walshius” had noted in the first edition. Indeed, he had a hawk’s eye for

inaccuracies of fact, and a no less keen perception of the false consequences, however elusive, which must always flow from false fact. With Padre Raimondo he passed on from logic through the whole curriculum of scholastic philosophy. It was an excellent mental training, and he thoroughly enjoyed it, nor did he in after life ever cease the study of philosophy. As to theology, I should say he would have made an excellent theologian, but though he had a strong theological bent, he would never take up an elaborate systematic study of the great science. That, he would declare, was the work of a lifetime, and, moreover, that a layman had no need of theology on a great scale.

During these tranquil years my father does not seem to have manifested any signs of that interior mystical piety, of that lofty contemplative sanctity, which was a growing quality with him in the latter half of his life, and had reached a surprising degree of elevation ere his course was run. He was very careful in observing all fasts and abstinences, went daily to Mass, and to monthly Confession and Communion, gave a good hour of the day to prayer and religious exercises, and never omitted a brief annual

retreat. He seems in these years to have been content with the commandments, and not to have dreamt of aspiring even to the spirit of the precepts. He practised no voluntary mortifications or austerities, and though he had read so much of contemplation, he made no effort to become a contemplative himself. He was always patient, sweet, unselfish, open-handed with the poor, long-suffering with the fatuous, charitable to the ignorant, and scrupulous in the discharge of every duty. But there was scarce a ripple in the quiet stream of his life, and his virtues, in the absence of voluntary sacrifice, could not take heroic shape. He was simply full of the tumultuous joy of study, turning over and over again in his mind with infinite relish the rich stores which he was garnering up. Nor should it be forgotten that he was serving his seven years' apprenticeship of silent adoration that he might become worthy of the hand of Rachel! He never seems to have had the least temptation to become a priest, and for that he has, perhaps, to thank the good angel Rachel. He would never have made a priest, though he died in something like the odour of sanctity. It is the torment of many converts that, in gratitude for their conversion, they

desire to consecrate their lives to God in the sacerdotal state. From that torment, and the failure which so often attends the effort, my father was mercifully spared. Of the sacerdotal, as of the perfect Christian state, it may truly be said that many are called but few are chosen.

John Walshe died in 1860. He was found in his office chair, stiff and stark, chill and forbidding as the Manchester February day on which he died. He had never written a line to his son, nor made any attempt to approach him or recover him. From the moment of the flight he began to stiffen under the rigid hand of death. He never did a mean or dishonourable thing in business; his word was as good as his bond; he observed all the outer decencies of life: that is the best epitaph I can write upon him, and it is much when compared with many of the affable, easy-going, pleasure-loving, unscrupulous men of business of to-day, who, without trickery and make-believe, would soon fall far behind in the race for wealth.

My father had written regularly every month to his mother, and had in return regularly received gushing, sentimental, effusive epistles. He roused himself from his beautiful dream, and hurried

home to her at the time of the crisis. After a most genuinely cordial greeting she very properly fainted. My father saw the old house again with a confused kind of pleasure; he went out into the old orchard and looked up at the apple-tree cradle; it was covered with snow. Manchester was fast creeping out towards Hale, and the snow was covered with a sooty black. He went into the dingy counting-house once or twice, and was received by Mr. Meade with effusive humility. Mr. Briggs had been ousted. Wills had gone to Australia. He saw the sample-book on his desk, and yet another new boy at work upon it. How unsubstantial the whole thing seemed—like some half-remembered nightmare. He tramped about in the slush of Manchester, up and down the streets where he used to run errands and carry parcels. He went to a favourite second-hand bookshop of his, where he had spent many sixpences and shillings, saved from his scanty allowance for luncheon, and bought a copy of Palmerin d'Oliva's *Mirroure of Nobilitie*, which was wanting in Lord Frederick's library. The bookseller did not know him again, and my father was not at the pains to make himself known. He went

into St. Chad's and St. Augustine's, where he used to take shelter during the luncheon half-hour and pray and read, in the quiet seclusion of which, too, he had often munched his roll and piece of chocolate. How wonderful it all seemed that he should now know the meaning of a Catholic Church. He came out of his dream fit and thanked God devoutly for all His mercies.

Mr. Walshe stayed at Hale until the business was wound up and the estate realised. Of course he was not mentioned in the will, everything having been left absolutely to my grandmother. She found herself in possession of an income of nearly £2000 a year, derived chiefly from shares in the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, of which John Walshe had for long been a director. It is to her credit that she made my father an allowance of £300 a year, and still more to her credit that she spontaneously increased this allowance to £400 upon his marriage. Of course there was some vague talk of his continuing the business, but against that he resolutely set his face, and the subject speedily dropped. Mr. Meade started on his own account, and succeeded in absorb-

ing John Walshe's influential connection. He flourished like the green bay-tree. And so the name of Walshe departed for ever from the sphere of Manchester commerce.

My father, thus unexpectedly possessed of money, plucked up heart of grace and spoke to Lord Frederick when he returned to Lucca. That kind father and benefactor had well enough known that this declaration would come some day; nay, he had even made every arrangement for the marriage had my father never become possessed of a stiver. As for Mary, she had loved him all along these six long years. The young pair were married with some pomp in the Duomo of Lucca by the Archbishop himself on the 11th November 1861, the Feast of St. Martin, to whom that noble church is dedicated. They spent a brief honeymoon in France, visiting Paray-le-Monial, La Salette, and the new sanctuary of Lourdes, and then returned to the Villa Fabriani for a few years more of the same even, tranquil existence.

CHAPTER XII

I AM BORN—LORD FREDERICK DIES—MY FATHER
MOVES TO ASSISI

It was about six months after his marriage that a great change came over my father. To speak strictly, it was the beginning of a change that grew onward and upward, steadily maintaining itself, steadily increasing in force, until, in the last ten years of his life, it had reached a point of very significant importance. He was to leave the commandments far behind him, and to soar up, if still clogged with some of the venial faults to which the soul is heir, into the rarified atmosphere of the precepts. It was about six months after his marriage that he first came across the "Fioretti di San Francesco." Lest this statement seem strange to some readers, let them remember how absorbed he had been in certain set studies. The "Fioretti" worked an instant change in him. The gentle figure of St. Francis rose up before him, and in the most loving manner accused him of selfish absorption in study, of

undue indulgence of "Brother Ass," the body, of a niggardly quantum of time given to Almighty God, of a total neglect of Christ's dear friends, the poor, the sick, the halt, and the plague-stricken. Down once more came a mighty wave of feeling upon him : he could have fasted on bread and water ; he could have kissed the sores of lepers, clothed himself in rags, and begged from door to door. But he was a Catholic now, and no longer the sport of mere feeling however exalted. He sought the counsel of Heaven through the confessional, and being counselled, began a new life, which, if mortified far beyond the life of these years of study, was yet conducted with such modesty and simplicity as almost to escape the observation of those of his own household. It is the tendency of modern sanctity, far more than of mediæval, to forego an act of mortification rather than have it become known. And for this reason the modern sanctity is, in a sense, the higher sanctity, just because it is so often obliged to forego acts of mortification, and is thus constantly exposed to a drain upon its main generating faculties, for there can be no sanctity without *voluntary* mortification. Most truly doth the *Liber Sapientiæ* say that the corruptible body

is a load upon the soul, and that its earthly habitation oppresses the mind of him who museth upon many things.¹ The soul's great need, therefore, is to nullify the weight of the body, and my father set about the business with something like mediæval rigours.

The effect which the "Fioretti" had upon him immediately caused him to read more about St. Francis, and with his logical mind he went straight to the sources, to Thomas of Celano, the Three Companions, and St. Bonaventure. Here he learned his true vocation. Just as St. Francis had changed the whole tenor of his life, so now St. Francis changed the whole course of his studies. He had learned his vocation, which was to devote himself entirely to writing about the dear Saint and his Order. All his previous studies had been an excellent preparation for the life's work which he had now found. Logic and scholastic philosophy kept him sane in his views and delivered him from all temptation to crotchets; Latin, conjoined to palæography, enabled him to read thirteenth-century codexes with comparative ease; genealogy and chronology helped him in a discriminating

¹ Wisd. ix. 15.

arrangement of events ; bibliography taught him the systematic digestion and arrangement of available fundamental matter ; liturgical and heraldic studies gave him the key to many symbolic mysteries of the keen mediæval imagination. I think when his works are published that it will be found that he has, by a rare instinct, singularly illumined the history of the thirteenth century. His own intimate life was that of a holy person of the Middle Ages in word, thought, and deed : he saw St. Francis with the eye of an admiring contemporary ; he thought of St. Francis with the mind of an intelligent contemporary ; and, like a holy contemporary, he was not over-troubled by the evil which is ever with us, and is especially prone to invade high places ; while, like a practical contemporary, having all the common sense of the Middle Ages, he was fully reconciled to the inevitable *inconvenient du bien*, which the wise and good have sought to distribute, but only the foolish and headstrong have attempted to eradicate. A changed atmosphere indeed from the blind, unregulated strivings after sanctity of his childhood at Hale and his boyhood at the Searle House Grammar School.

Six months or thereabouts after the change in his life so fervently embraced, and the commencement of the new studies so eagerly pursued, my brother and I came into the world at one birth. My brother being the first born, was called Francis after the Saint, and Michael, not after the Archangel, but after the Spanish ecstatic, San Miguel de los Santos or St. Michael of the Saints, who in the year of our birth had been canonised by Pius IX.¹ According to the beautiful legend, Michael was of so great natural purity of heart that our Lord assumed unto Himself the Saint's natural heart during his lifetime, and gave him a mystical heart with which to end his days. He is the Saint who most eminently symbolises change of heart, and change of heart was at that time uppermost in my father's thoughts. Besides, he ever loved to honour the newest Saints. I was called Philip, not after the Apostle of the two Phrygias, but after the Apostle of Rome, St. Philip Neri; and Ægidius, not after St. Giles the

¹ St. Michael, whose family name was Argemir, was born on the 29th September 1591, at the little town of Vich, in Catalonia. At a tender age he entered the Order of the Most Holy Trinity for the Redemption of Captives (*lingua laica*: Crutched Friars), and died at Valladolid on the 10th April 1625. He was one of the most astounding ecstasies in the whole range of hagiography, and the strange phenomena of his ecstasies are perhaps better within reach of proof than any other case of the kind.—P. Æ. W.

Hermit, but after the great ecstatic, the Blessed Ægidius, one of the first companions of St. Francis, for whose profound sayings and holy life my father had the greatest admiration. I have no doubt that he would have liked to have given us one family name apiece as well as a patronal name, but, as will be seen hereafter, he knew nothing of his father nor of any family name save the John of our grandfather.

Our young lives were to be the herald of death. Lord Frederick Markham had been ailing for the past year or two, and he died six months after my birth. He was conscious to the very end, and received the last Sacraments in peaceful fervour and with every demonstration of a lively faith. The Blessed Sacrament was brought to him from the tabernacle in the little chapel in the "bosco," where he had for so many years provided for its reverent reservation. The peasants on the *poderi* had ceased work, and were collected in great numbers inside and outside the chapel. The priest, bearing his priceless Burden in the pyx, and accompanied by a boy holding over him a quaint old yellow *ombrellino*, was followed to the foot of the perron by the motley crowd of *contadini*, all praying that the Lord of heaven, in His quality of Divine

Physician, would spare their beloved master for many years to come. Lord Frederick had first sent for us two babies, and given us his blessing. It seems that I crowed at him and clapped my hands at him, as if rejoicing with him upon some joyful event. Then he made his last confession and received the Blessed Sacrament, and after a quarter of an hour's thanksgiving and recollection, he sent for my father and mother. They knelt on either side of the bed, my father on the right side and my mother on the left. He rested his hand upon my father's head in the act of blessing, and from his lips there fell, but over and over again, those words which had for ever been engraven on my father's heart, "My dear, dear boy! My dear, dear boy!" Then rallying for a moment, he stretched his hands out on either side of the bed, and taking one of their hands in each of his, said in Italian, "Arrivederci in Paradiso!" And then with a sigh and a smile he fell peacefully asleep.

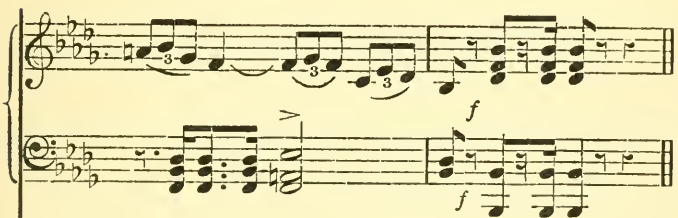
His death caused the greatest consternation and grief in the neighbourhood. The funeral was a great affair, about which the old peasants still talk to this day. My father, with his accurate historic instincts, was determined that all due honour should be paid to one in death whom he

had so honoured in life. Besides, popular sentiment required it. Lord Frederick's body was carried from his own modest little room to the great red damask bedroom, which had never been used since the Duke of Lucca slept there in the late Count Fabriani's time. There, upon the great four-post eighteenth-century bedstead, hung with red damask and covered with a damask coverlid, Lord Frederick's body was laid out in state. Six lighted candles in tall rococo candlesticks stood round the bed. On a prie-dieu at the foot of the bed two Religious kept watch, saying the Office of the Dead. Lord Frederick had been a Knight of St. Stephen, the last Englishman to be invested ere the suppression of that Order of Chivalry in 1859. The body was therefore dressed in the imposing *cappa magna* of the Knights. It was of white camlet lined with red silk, and having a large red silken cross of Maltese shape affixed on the left side. 'Twas a fitting shroud for one who in his charities had been a true knight-errant. The peasants of the *poderi*, nay, hundreds of poor people from the country round about (for Lord Frederick's charities had penetrated far and wide), flocked to the villa, and reverently defiled through the red room where the body was lying in state. There wsa

scarce a tear from any one : the sight of that peaceful, smiling, serene figure aroused awe and wonder, but checked all thought of sorrow for the moment.

It was not until the coffin, bearing his knightly insignia, was carried down the steps of the perron by eight masked brothers of the Archconfraternity of the Misericordia, that the poor friends whom he had so loved and benefited broke down and burst into loud lamentations, " *Padrone! padrone! Mio povero padrone! Mio caro padrone! La Madonna l'accompagni! Iddio le conceda il bene del Paradiso!*" Their cries were drowned by the roll of the drums of the village band. The procession had formed up, and began slowly to defile down the stately avenue of maples, to the solemn accompaniment of the drums. Then came the warning clash of the cymbals; the drums ceased and the band broke out into one of those slow, long-drawn-out, thrilling funeral marches of which no one knows the date or authorship.¹

¹ My friend has somehow fallen into error in trying to reproduce the march played at Lord Frederick Markham's funeral, how I know not. But the march that I find attached to the MS. is very well known to me. It is not of unknown date or authorship, but was written by the Livornese maestro, Oreste Carlini (still happily alive), in the year 1880. I am free to admit, however, that it is a thoroughly typical specimen of the sweet, serene, sanguine funeral march of Tuscany, and that I should have felt no astonishment in being told that its author's name had not come down to posterity.—M. C.



The music ceased abruptly, and again the sound of lamentations arose: "Padrone! padrone!"

padrone! Mio caro padrone! Iddio le benedica! La Madonna l'accompagni!" The roll of the drums drowned these pathetic lamentations, and continued for a while; again came the warning clash of the cymbals, and once more the sweet piercing notes of the funeral march rang out. There is no gloom about a Tuscan funeral march, but always an inspiring melody of surest hope; for while the Tuscan peasant knows it to be unreasonable, nay, absurd, to suppose that he or any other human being should go straight from a life spotted by sin into God's perfect paradise, he believes in purgatory where the soul's stains are washed away; and so his funeral marches, if they express sorrow for the *transitus* of one dear to him, are yet sweet and free from gloom, and have no note about them of final irreparable calamity.

Hundreds upon hundreds of peasants, cheek by jowl with the gentry, followed the hearse, with its black horses and bagwigged coachman, and after the walkers came the empty carriages of the Lucchese nobility. In Italy it is the custom to show respect to the dead by walking at a funeral: carriages only follow to bring their owners home again. Lord Frederick was laid

to rest in the Misericordia section of the Campo Santo outside Lucca, and there is a handsome monument over the grave with a creditable medallion of him, his arms (my father took care of that), and the text: "*Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur.*" His pure and generous soul, I am sure, soon came to its eternal rest; but we have never missed the month's mind for him.

My poor mother, prostrated already by grievous sufferings at our birth, never recovered the blow of her father's death, and soon followed him to the grave. As for my father, I can best measure the depth of his grief by his complete silence on this terrible event in the "Recollections" and the "Diary." Nor did he ever allude to it in speech, nor had I ever again the courage to speak to him of my mother's death after witnessing his pathetic breakdown the first and only time I ever did so.

My grandmother could not resist so fine an occasion for tears and sentimental moral lessons. She hurried out to Italy to "console" her son and "look after" his "motherless babes." It was an unhappy, uncomfortable, impossible arrangement, full of humiliations for my father;

but he bore it with an heroic resignation that was never allowed to declare itself. Resignation which is obvious ceases to be resignation. My grandmother's sentimental grief soon oozed away, and in three months, or less, she was glad to return to the old house at Hale and to the considerable court which the wives of the bourgeois traders of the place were ever ready to pay to so veritable a *grande dame*. My father had inherited the Villa Fabriani, the library, and a portion of Lord Frederick's fortune; but life at the villa became intolerable to him after his great bereavement. Besides, in the midst of his grief he had not lost sight of the life's work which he had set himself, and he had to consider what course of life would best serve that. So he shut up the villa, and after making proper provision for the working of the *poderi*, he moved to Assisi, the centre of his thoughts, and there he lived a saintly, studious, uneventful life until the eventful saintly end of his studious days.

CHAPTER XIII

MY FATHER GOES TO SEE THE POPE

BEFORE going to Assisi my father went to Rome to seek the blessing of St. Peter's successor. He felt the need of a new force to support him in his labours and to console him in his great grief. Of that memorable visit he shall himself, in his own words, tell the moving story. Some allowance must be made for the strong emotion under which he was labouring at the time.

"It was on the Epiphany of this year of grace," he writes, "that I first assisted at the Holy Father's Mass. About a hundred other persons were present, the women all clad in black with black veils over their heads, the men in *frac* or uniform. We sat close-huddled upon narrow wooden benches covered with green cloth; I have been more comfortable in the rudest village church. Indeed, the severity of everything in the Vatican soon impresses; we have heard it called a palace and think of

luxury ; there is much state if you will, but nowhere a trace of luxury. 'Tis a curious infirmity of the modern mind that it is often unable to distinguish between state and luxury ; there are good people who seem to think that because the Pope's cassock is made of taffetas and his slipper of velvet, he is therefore a luxury-loving sybarite. That the state and ceremony of the semi-public life of highly placed ecclesiastics has come into being solely because of the relation in which they stand to Almighty God, we cannot of course expect them to believe ; but that they should cavil at state in a great kingdom like God's Church upon earth, and acclaim and approve it even in the petty officers of a temporal dominion, is a striking instance of that topsy-turveydom of mind which is fast becoming one of the gravest dangers of the day.

" Mass was said in the *Sala degli Arazzi* (not to be confounded with the *Galleria degli Arazzi*) a big square room, beautiful but severe in its decorations. The Holy Father entered at eight o'clock and passed to the altar steps, sprinkling us with the aspergillum as he went. It is really a moment of excitement to any one, whatever his belief, to look for the first time

upon a living Pope. Let any one, whatever his belief, ask himself who is the most important man on earth, and candour will constrain him to answer, the Pope of Rome. There is no priest or potentate, no king or emperor, no man of letters or man of science, no leader of political or religious movements, that may compare for an instant with the Pope in importance of any and every description: a characteristic, by the way, which reason would naturally predicate of Christ's Vicar, if indeed He should have appointed a Vicegerent upon earth. The thought rushed into my mind as I knelt to receive the Holy Father's passing benediction, and I blessed God that He had set His Church upon a hill, and endowed her, in pity of our weakness, with so many marks that convinced and compelled even pure and absolute reason.

"The Holy Father knelt at a prie-dieu before the altar, and, after saying the *preces ante missam*, was vested. His Mass was served by two priests. The Holy Father's enunciation is wonderfully distinct and impressive. To hear him say Mass is a new lesson in the interior meaning of the Holy Sacrifice. Every word seems an intense supplication. In the *Pater*

Noster, when I thought of his high schemes for the regeneration of mankind, his *Adveniat regnum tuum* seemed to take new shape and meaning; and when I thought of all his sufferings and anxieties, his fervent *Fiat voluntas tua* seemed impregnate with the supernatural resignation of Gethsemane. What a pathetic cry for mercy was not the *Kyrie Eleison*; what a hymn of praise the *Gloria in excelsis*; what an act of faith the *Credo*; what awe and veneration in the *Domine non sum dignus!* And when his hand went up in the final blessing he paused a long while, seeming to wrest from Heaven by sheer violence Heaven's benediction for our starving souls: *Benedicat vos . . . Omnipotens Deus . . . Pater . . . et Filius . . . ✠ et Spiritus Sanctus!* A great AMEN welled up in all our hearts as we rose, refreshed and strengthened, to confess our faith in the last gospel.

"The Pope always hears a Mass in thanksgiving for the one he has said, and those who have been privileged to assist at it are also allowed to remain for this second Mass. He knelt at the same prie-dieu in front of the altar, and was soon far away from his surroundings. Something seemed to have moved him profoundly that day.

Perhaps, though, it is his habitual demeanour. I do not know. I only know that I was in the presence of a soul rapt, absorbed, in an intensity of prayer, yet wrestling, struggling, keenly suffering. I cannot help thinking that it was not his habitual demeanour, that something must have moved him profoundly that day ; that the wickedness of the world, the heartlessness of man, the perfidy of princes, the dark prevailing irreligion and indifference, the sufferings of Christ's Church and the heavy burdens of his Vicar, must have risen up before him that Epiphany morn in a more than ordinarily luminous vision.

“The Mass of thanksgiving concluded, the Holy Father seated himself on a chair placed on the predella, and received each person present. Families of three or four persons, or three or four members of a religious order who had come together, were received in groups, so as to shorten a little the ceremony of presentation. All knelt and reverently kissed the hand and foot of St. Peter's successor, and all remained kneeling while he conversed with them. A chamberlain stood on either hand of the Pope. The one on the right hand supervised the

presentations, the one on the left saw that none of us exceeded a just measure of time, and in nearly every case it seemed necessary for him gently to raise the kneeling suppliant by the elbow in polite signification that it was time to depart.

“What a contrast the Holy Father was throughout this familiar ceremony to the bowed, suffering, recollected figure that had knelt in the intensity of prayer at the *prie-dieu*. A venerable old man full of a quiet dignity, fatherly in the extreme, affable, cheerful, courteous, radiating a serene benignity and kindness that set us all laughing and crying by turns. Instinctively there rose to my mind the words of the Count de Maistre when first he saw Pius VII., and was so dumbfounded by his simplicity and humility : ‘*J’ai cru voir St. Pierre au lieu de son successeur.*’ I, too, seemed to see St. Peter rather than his successor ; for if St. Peter in the rude primitive age of the Church had been receiving a small band of the faithful, he could not have done so with more humility, less state, and greater love and encouragement ; nor would the issues depending upon his words have seemed more real and momentous than did the stern importance of the

Catholicism of to-day, suddenly illumined for me with new proofs of its truth and saving mission.

“To each one of us the Holy Father contrived to address a few words, and that with so obviously heartfelt an interest in our welfare, we might have constituted the whole of his spiritual family. Though there were only a hundred of us present, it seemed as if no nation of the earth was unrepresented: the gathering was indeed the Church in little. Americans, English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, Austrians, Poles, Spaniards, Italians,—all were there, and all received a fatherly word that left abiding strength and consolation. There was not a dry eye in all the assembly.

“I was almost the last to be presented. I thought of many things I should like to say, and of what I might hear in reply, but a traitor lump in my throat deprived me of all possibility of connected speech. I looked up from my knees, as through a mist, into the benign, reassuring face with its recent traces of spiritual suffering, and could do no more than choke out a faltering request for the apostolic benediction upon me and my motherless boys. Hastily I

kissed the Holy Father's hand and foot, and alone of all the company, perhaps, hurried away of my own motion without feeling the kindly chamberlain's admonitory hand upon my elbow.

"But I had not knelt in vain. 'È accordata!' the Holy Father had said in answer to my prayer for his blessing, and it will be my own most grievous fault if it do not rest upon me through life, unto life's evening, and in the hour of my death. Amen.

"'O sainte église romaine!' cried Bossuet on a memorable occasion, 'O sainte église romaine! si je t'oublie, puissé-je m'oublier moi-même! que ma langue se sèche et demeure immobile dans ma bouche!'

"'O sainte église de Rome!' cries the Count de Maistre in his famous peroration to *Du Pape*, 'O sainte église de Rome! tant que la parole me sera conservée, je l'emploierai pour te célébrer. Je te salue, mère immortelle de la science et de la sainteté!'

"O Holy Roman Church! (if indeed the lowliest of thy sons may be permitted to join in the chorus of thy Elders), O Holy Roman Church, I, too, may I forget myself if I forget thee and all thy benefits! And if I prefer not

thee above my chief joy, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right hand forget her cunning! O Holy Roman Church! ground and pillar of truth, I will be faithful to thee until death! No sophisms of the new learning, no fallacies of the new science, no allurements of the new polity, shall wean me of my loyalty to him who is the centre and source of thy visible unity! O immortal Mother of Saints, into thy keeping do I commend my soul upon earth, because thou alone upon earth canst surely lead my soul into paradise. At the feet of the Vicegerent of God upon earth do I pay homage and proffer allegiance, because he alone upon earth has divine authority to guide and command me. In the stir and stress of the terrible time that the vices of man are preparing for the children of men, blessed is he who has found shelter under thy wing; blessed is he whose foot resteth upon the rock of thy truth. His soul shall be restored; he shall be led into the paths of justice; he need fear no evil, for thy rod and thy staff shall comfort him. Goodness and mercy shall follow him all the days of his life, and he shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

CHAPTER XIV

MY FATHER SETTLES AT ASSISI—OF THE EVEN TENOR OF HIS LIFE THERE

WE lived in a big stone house at Assisi. It may sound grandiose, but to be correct, I ought to call it a palazzo. The house was situated high up in this city set upon a hill, and the windows at the back commanded a glorious view of proud Perugia and the Umbrian plains. More than one cardinal had been born within its stately precincts, and the family to which it had belonged counted a sixteenth-century Pope among its members. A Londoner would smile if he knew how low was the rent we paid for this palace, and yet it was vast enough for a royal reception. My father, however, had no thought of holding receptions: he took a big house because he required space for his books. The whole of the first floor was a huge library; the very lobbies were lined from floor to ceiling with books. The room in which he habitually worked contained the library of

Franciscan books which I take to have been the most complete of its kind in the world. Among the folios he had all five volumes of *De Gubernatis' Chronicle*,¹ and Wadding, including the scarce twentieth volume;² the five editions of the *Conformitates*; the seven editions of the *Speculum Vitæ Beati Francisci et Sociorum ejus*. But the rarity which perhaps most of all excited the envy of his scholarly friends was a little octavo of but twenty-four sheets, an edition of the *Sacrum Commmercium Beati Francisci cum Domina Paupertate*, printed at Milan in 1539. During his lifetime the copy was believed to be unique, but Père François Van Ortroy, the noted Bollandist, has since discovered a copy in the Ambrosian Library at Milan.³

¹ Padre Marcellino da Civezza in his *Bibliografia Sanfrancescana* (1879) states that in all Italy he had never found the five volumes together. This is no doubt owing to the fact that vols. i., iii., iv., and v. were printed at Rome (1681, 1684, 1685, 1689), and vol. ii. at Lyons (1685). I have myself, however, found the five volumes complete in the Communal Libraries of Assisi and Leghorn. It is only right to add that the Assisi Library was buried away in wooden cases when Padre Marcellino was making his researches.—M. C.

² Nearly the whole of the edition of vol. xx., printed at Rome in 1794, was destroyed by fire. It has since, to the great convenience of scholars, been reprinted by the Franciscan Fathers in their noble printing press at Quaracchi, near Florence (1899).—M. C.

³ See *Miscellanea Francescana*, vol. viii. p. 27, and *Analecta Bollandiana*, vol. xix. p. 460.

Before he had arrived at Assisi, Mr. Walshe had become a Franciscan Tertiary, or, to speak more precisely, he had taken the first step towards becoming one, having been clothed as a Novice at Monte Santa Maria, near Lucca.¹ His profession he made at the Porziuncola in the little hut where St. Francis died, and on the Feast of St. Francis, 4th October 1863. It is the custom of members of the Third Order to take a name in religion when they first join the Order, and my father took the name of Leo, not only because of his devotion to the Blessed Leo, St. Francis' secretary and confessor, but because it was for him that the Seraphic Benediction was written, and my father would delight in the fancy that its concluding words were addressed to himself directly : *Dominus benedicat te, frater Leo*. When first he developed his love for St. Francis my mother had given him an exquisite little picture of the Saint, which had been in the Fabriani family for centuries. It is a painting on copper only 2½ by 2¼ inches in size, and is assuredly a work of the early fifteenth century, if not older. In his left hand the Saint holds

¹ The "clothing" consists of a small scapular and cord, which are always worn, though not so as to be visible. Tertiaries may be buried in the full Franciscan habit if they choose.—M. C.

a red book bearing the inscription in characters of a later age, "VERA S.F.E.": *Vera Sancti Francisci Effigies*; while his right hand almost seems to be raised in the act of blessing. There are one or two famous portraits of St. Francis, in which he is lifting his hand as if to show the wound in it. Perhaps no more than that was intended by the artist of this little picture, but certainly it does seem to breathe a blessing, and a blessing my father would always see in it. Indeed, to him, since St. Francis was in the act of blessing, he could only be imparting that triple benediction so peculiarly associated with his name. Therefore in the broad frame which surrounds the picture he inserted a scroll under glass, upon which was written beneath a Cross Tau:—

Jube, domne, benedicere.

Benedictio Seraphica.

Benedicat tibi Dominus et custodiat te :

Ostendat faciem suam tibi et misereatur tui :

Convertat vultum suum ad te et det tibi pacem.

Dominus benedicat te, frater Leo.

At first he used to keep the picture in his Oratory, but afterwards he placed it on the landing at the head of the stairs, that all who passed might ask the Seraphic Benediction. A little lamp constantly burned before it, and I can

remember that my brother and I, in the midst of our childish romps, used to stop in awe in front of the picture and whisper a *Jube, domine, benedicere*. Thus was St. Francis impressed on my heart and mind even from my earliest days.

In the days when Mr. Walshe was received into the Third Order the older and severer Rule of Pope Nicholas IV. was still in force. The present modifications in the Rule were first introduced by Pope Leo XIII. in the Apostolic Constitution "*Misericors Dei Filius*," dated 30th May 1883. Tertiaries under the old Rule were bound to a daily recital of the whole Office of the Church or of the Office of Our Lady; under the modified Rule, twelve Paters, Aves, and Glorias may take the place of either Office. To the end of his days, however, when not prevented by sickness or duty to his neighbour, my father daily recited the whole Office of the Church; his skill in liturgical science made the task easy, his devout imagination found new beauties in it every day. The Divine Office readily wearies the languid and lukewarm; the devout and the ascetic find in it every day a fresh incentive to devotion. The more they repeat it the better they love it; for after all, 'tis composed almost

entirely of God's word, and he who should find God's word wearisome stands self-condemned of his own folly and emptiness; the palate of the God-given part of him has lost all savour of celestial sweetness. My father kept before him the precepts of the great Cardinal Bona, and more especially of the "De Disciplina Psallendi" in the *Divina Psalmodia*, and under this ascetical guidance derived a constant new relish from the Divine Office. But even up to the last year of his life he would suddenly discover that he had only then just become illuminated as to the real interior meaning of some verse in the Psalms which he had daily been repeating for so many years. The diurnal recital of the Canonical Hours was to him an exercise in contemplation; at the back (so to speak) of each verse of a psalm, of every versicle and responsory, of all the antiphons, was his own parallel meditation or concept, more vivid and varying some days than others, but always a sweet exercise of Divine Praise, a loving flight of the imagination into the Realms of the Divine Being, a further step in the sublime science of Divine Perfection.

Indeed, the Psalter, which had sustained him in his lonely childhood and in the cruel assaults

of the Hoole Class-room, remained his chief spiritual nourishment to the end of his days. It was as the bread of his soul, indispensable. The "Imitation" was his meat; the "Spiritual Combat" his drink; Blossius was the fresh-gathered fruit of this ghostly banquet; Harphius, Rusbrochius, Suso, Taulerus, Hilton, St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Catherine of Genoa, Denis the Carthusian, and how many more, were as the dainties and delicacies at the end of the feast. But of them all the Bread of the Psalter, that staff of the soul's life, was the most essential and necessary. If the soul may not live by the Psalms alone, it cannot live without them. The Psalter became to him what his beloved Blossius says of it, a tower, an helmet, a sword, both medicine, food, and the seasoning of food, a beacon and a crown. It delivers those in danger, the holy writer goes on to say; it heals the wounded, enlightens the blind, stirs up the idle, inflames the cold, consoles the sad, confirms the waverer; it makes a man hate his sins, despise the world, love God and desire Eternal Life; it strengthens Faith, infuses Hope, increases Charity; it commends patience, teaches sobriety, imparteth chastity, purifies the heart, tranquillises

the conscience, and exhilarates the mind ; it renews the interior man, and diffuses a wondrous sweetness throughout his whole being. The mind of man can devise no prayer more perfect or sublime. The soul whose internal palate is still unspoiled may taste therein untold delights. In a word, the Psalter is a heavenly canticle, and those who cultivate it assiduously are changed thereby from men to angels. Having therefore left behind the vanities of the world, let us, according to the counsel of the Blessed Paul, teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. And let us adorn our souls with prayer and divine praise so that we may be joyful in this life, and merit to attain eternal bliss hereafter. So writes the divine Blossius in his preface to the " Marrow of the Psalter." ¹

When I was a boy about twelve my father's daily life was something as follows. He would rise at five, both summer and winter, and after his morning prayer betake himself to the six o'clock mass at the Basilica of San Francesco. In thanksgiving for having heard mass he would serve

¹ D. Ludovici Blossii Opera. Coloniae, 1615. Preface to the *Medulla Psalmodyæ*, p. 750.

another mass, usually at the tomb of St. Francis. On returning home he said prime, tierce, sext, and none (having already said matins and lauds overnight), and made half-an-hour's meditation in his oratory. There is no such meal as breakfast in Italy, but many people add bread, or bread and butter, to their coffee. My father only took one small cup of black coffee. From about eight to twelve-thirty he kept his study. He was an incredibly slow worker, and went over the same ground again and again; but when it came to actual writing he wrote swiftly and, as I think, well. At half-past twelve we went to a simple but abundant dinner. It was abundant to us but not to him, for he kept his appetite under daily mortification, and his every meal was an attempt to appear to eat of what everybody else did, while really eating infinitesimal quantities. It was for this reason, no doubt, that he would have no dishes handed, but helped all himself, so that with the least possible observation he might be niggardly to himself. But half a spoonful of *minestra* would go into his plate, and I, early made observant by love, would notice how often his helpings of meat would consist chiefly of bone. A fiction

had got about that he was of a weak stomach, and that food in the evening would prevent him sleeping at night. He was himself the cunning author of this fiction ; I traced it to him easily enough when I had grown up. So at the evening meal he ate an egg, or a square inch of tunny, or two or three anchovies, or a salted herring which had found its way from Yarmouth to Assisi ; and to this slender collation he took a little of the white wine of Umbria with water. How modest and how engaging is modern piety and austerity ! A mediæval father, who was inspired like my father to be rid of creatures so that he might join himself more closely to the Creator, would have denied himself openly ; mortification was so common a thing then that it was allowed to pass without comment hurtful to modesty. There is perhaps no trait of piety more touching and beautiful than the foregoing of mortification for humility's sake. The trait was strong in Mr. Walshe. In company he was ever all things to all men ; while with sinners it might be said of him what Thomas of Celano says of St. Francis, that he was "*quasi unus ex illis.*"

After the mid-day meal my father would

retire for an hour's siesta, at least during the hotter months; but towards the end of his life he dropped even this mild and necessary indulgence. He then said Vespers and Compline, and if the weather allowed of it, would walk out with us for a couple of hours, or pay a friendly visit to the fathers at St. Damian's or the Porziuncola. On Sundays and *festas*, when no work was done, we had many a delightful excursion into the remotest parts of Umbria, hearing mass upon our way, or maybe at our distant destination, for we were always off betimes in the morning; and many is the curious custom, many the moving exhibition of primitive faith I have witnessed in the unexplored regions of this holy land. Our evening meal was of so simple a character as to be an easily movable feast; but we seldom partook of it later than half-past six. From seven to nine-thirty my father was once more in his study, working if there was much work on hand, or doing such ephemeral reading as he found necessary, or perhaps wholly absorbed in spiritual reading. At least one hour of the day he devoted to reading in the Lives of the Saints, the ascetical writers, or Holy Writ in

St. Jerome's moving Latin. At nine-thirty the household assembled for prayers. We said five mysteries of the Rosary, the Litany of Our Lady, some prayers for the Dead, some prayers for Holy Church and the Holy Father, the Hymn and Collect from Compline; and it moves me immeasurably when I remember how we all—servants and all—ended by repeating after my father: *In nomine Domini Nostri Jesu Christi Crucifixi cubitum eo: ille me benedicat . . . regat . . . custodiat . . . et ad vitam perducatur eternam. Amen.*

About ten o'clock my father retired to rest, but not to bed. He had no fixed time for going to bed—sometimes it may have been twelve, sometimes one, sometimes even later. In the last ten years of his life, I know, he was content with four, and even three hours' sleep. These night hours were the hours of his recollected devotions, in which he could indulge to the full his experimental science of spiritual things. In the night watches he tasted all the sweets of Divine contemplation, and something, I am sure, of the bliss of the prayer of Quiet. God favoured him at times with a torrent of abundant sweetness in prayer, and at times tried him with a

grievous spiritual dryness and desolation ; but whether in a happy ecstasy, divine praises readily falling from his lips, or in the outer darkness seemingly abandoned by the Paraclete, he was instant in prayer and spiritual exercises. He had ceased to be the sport of mere feeling, the dupe of a subjective religion ; prayer was the more meritorious without feeling ; prayer was a duty whatever the state of the feelings. In the midst of the sweets of contemplation and divine praise, he never lost his equilibrium, he never forgot practical subjects of prayer. And indeed there was no lack of subjects. Had he not, as every holy soul has, the entire universe upon his shoulders ? There was the suffering Father of the Faithful, the sore needs of Christ's Church upon earth, the galloping devastations of the Revolution and modern thought, the tempestuous ravages of sin and the tumultuous invasions of luxury, the heedlessness and great perils of the rich, the indifference of the poor to the great privileges of poverty, his own two boys growing up in the midst of a new world that was putting a false gloss upon morality and a false glamour upon vice, the soul of his wife, the soul of Lord Frederick, and the souls of all

the faithful departed. Indeed, there was no lack of subjects. And, greatest burden of all upon his shoulders, there was himself, whom he regarded to the end of his days as an unprofitable servant in the Lord's vineyard, chief among the sinners who had been called into the narrow way, lowest among the servitors in God's holy house. In those lone night watches in the little town of Assisi, unknown to the world, a holy soul wrestled nightly with the Creator of the world, beseeching Him by that infinite incomprehensible Act of Love by which He has sought to redeem the myriad infinite wickednesses of the children of men, to blot out all the world's transgressions and regenerate the children of His handiwork. It would go ill with the world if there were not many such, and because of his love of the world I ask the world's love for him. If he could not save the world, I yet know of many an elect vessel whom, by prayer and good counsel, he has rescued from shipwreck and everlasting disaster!

One night, when I may have been about seven years of age, I lay awake—as too often happened with me—troubled by the thought of ghosts, seeing all manner of fantastic lights dancing

across the room, and hearing all manner of inexplicable creaking noises in the walls and rafters. Shivering and cold all over with childish fear, I would put my head under the clothes for a long time together. I remember on this night, while I was thus buried under the clothes, hearing the great booming clock of San Francesco strike six strokes (and that of course means midnight in its ancient mechanism). I remember how terrible the hollow sound of the bell seemed to make my dark prison-house. I flung back the clothes and willingly returned to the dancing moonlight and the mysterious noises. But the character of the noises had changed. There was a real noise now, a faint, far-away rhythmic noise, not in my room, but certainly in the house, and I suddenly realised the difference between real and imaginary noises. I had no fear now, but a great anxiety. I leapt from my bed and listened at the keyhole of the door. There was no doubt about the sound; it was faint still, but rhythmic and measured. I softly opened the door and peered out into the long dark landing. The sound, clearer now than ever, came from the other end of it. There I saw a bright light under the door of my father's oratory, and a

bright stream of light shining through the keyhole. The noise was clearer than ever. It was not curiosity that led me, but a nameless anxiety. I crept to the end of the marble-paved landing, and kneeling down, looked through the keyhole.

O Heaven! what a sight I saw! My father on his knees before his little altar, his night-dress girded round his loins, the edge of a cilicium just visible above it, wielding a cruel scourge which he brought down with full force upon his bare shoulders in the blows which accompanied the rhythmical recital of a psalm! "Oh Dad! dear Dad! don't! don't! upon me instead! upon me!" This was surging in my childish brain, but my lips refused to move. I think I should have cried aloud in horror, but that he was kneeling sideways and I could see his dear face, twitching now and again a little with the pain, but so mild and sweet and composed, so modest and gentle, and yet illumined withal with so seraphic an ardour, that I was kept dumb by amazement and admiration. I knew well enough that the Saints did such things, but I was not old enough to know that there were also moderns who practised the like austerities, and I rose from my knees in a boyish fit of exaltation,

praising God that He had made my father a Saint. Away now for ever all those childish fears of the night, for a Saint slept under our roof and his presence would protect me from all harm; yea, though my room should be filled with blackest devils in darkest night-time, I would fear no evil; his prayers and his stripes would comfort and shield me.

Next day at dinner-time I glanced at my father with considerable awe. He was the same gentle unassuming father, generously ladling out the *minestra* to all of us—we had a priest-tutor and a French governess in the house at the time—and trying to hide his own scanty portion behind the big tureen. But from that day my affection for him redoubled; for the first time I began to show him little attentions, and to take a childish interest in his work. I was repaid by his wonder and delight, and still more by the tender affection which he lavished upon me. In the long wet winter afternoons, we two alone by ourselves in the big study, sitting before the great open wood fire, he would take me on his knee, and tell me again and again the wonderful story of St. Francis and his first followers. And as the day drew in, under cover of the dusk, he

would lose that certain shyness which he had even with his children—or was it diffidence?—and speak to me long and lovingly of Him who was the great exemplar of Francis and all the Saints. And when the light of the fire shone upon his face, I used to think that so Moses must have looked when he came down from communing with God upon Mount Sinai.

After I made the discovery of my father's secret mortification, I would often lie awake at night, or wake up suddenly in the middle of the night. I no longer saw dancing lights which frightened me or was terrified by mysterious unaccountable noises, but I often heard the far-away rhythmic noise of that cruel scourge. I never again ventured to look upon that sight, but I used to look through the keyhole before or after, and watch him through my blinding tears in the blissful ecstasy of prayer and contemplation. 'Twas a sight to melt the hardest heart, to move the dourest unbeliever. He knelt before a crucifix and two lighted candles; his head bowed low, the mouth resting upon his long slender finger-tips; and all the while he smiled to himself in great contentment. Then the hands would go apart, the arms be stretched

out wide in supplication ; deep sighs would escape him as the Holy Name fell from his lips in accents of tenderest love ; and then the hands would close again and the smiling mouth once more rest upon the finger-tips. No words of mine could ever convey the purity and innocence of that dear figure at prayer.

This may have continued a year or so when my curiosity grew faint ; Nature had her way with me ; and I began to sleep the whole night through. And of my secret watchings he never knew anything till long after, and he now knows all my thoughts in the Paradise of the Angels to which his soul has fled.

CHAPTER XV

MY FATHER'S VENIAL FAULT

BUT though Mr. Walshe was ever a very saintly man, I dare not call him Saint in the very strict sense in which the term is used technically, not at all events in the middle epoch of his life. He had one fault which the Devil's Advocate would certainly have made the most of and much, if ever the process of his canonisation were introduced. It was certainly a most interesting fault. I loved it, and indeed could find no fault in it, but it were idle to cavil at the Church for being over-strict in the matter of her Confessors' virtues. That she is strict and exacting it is easy to understand when one reflects what myriads of holy souls have walked across the stage of life, and how comparatively few of them have been raised to the full honours of the altar, and are commended by her to the perpetual veneration and invocation of the faithful. But I take comfort in, and never cease to admire, that saving clause daily read by the Church at Prime at the end of her Martyrology :

Et alibi aliorum plurimorum sanctorum martyrum et confessorum, atque sanctarum virginum. (*Deo gratias!* answers the choir, and it has good reason to be thankful to God.) And I am certain that my father will be commemorated with the unenumerated confessors every 2nd July, the day of his death.

My father's failing—if so indeed I must call it—had disappeared altogether a good fifteen years before his death. It was at its hottest for about ten years before that time. Never once did it cause his religious practices to slacken, or his large-hearted charity to grow cold; nor did it ever so lightly warp his sound judgment or obscure his clear vision of celestial things, and therefore why should I bemoan it? My father's fault was no worse than a hobby, and its worst consequences were the loss of some time (taken from study, not from spiritual exercises), and some money (to the detriment of his library, and not of the needy poor). I am free to admit that the venial faults of the saints were passing and not lasting, as is the way with venial hobbies, which are always endowed with a terrible vitality. There are faults which are but a faint shadow momentarily cast across the mind, but a hobby takes deep root in

the sensitive parts and courses in a vicious circle through the whole arterial system. I am not in the least ashamed of my father's failing ; indeed, I rejoice that the severity of his life should have been tempered by this little worldly solace and excitement. (Ah ! what excitement it was, to be sure !) But if I were ever so much ashamed of it, this is a veracious history, and here it should find a sufficient record.

This, then, was my father's hobby. You will have seen, of course, how fine, how keen, how nice, how eager an herald he was. One day he awoke very suddenly to the fact that he had no arms, nor yet, for aught he knew, the right to bear arms. Who was he ? The son of a well-to-do Manchester merchant : he knew no more than that, knew not the name of his grandfather or grandmother, not even the name of the place where his father was born, nor whether he had uncles or aunts, cousins or cousins-german. He desired to know who he was : that was his hobby. He desired to know, because he thought the result would show him that he was entitled to bear arms. The world has grown so snobbish with the march of progress that it may scent snobbishness in this. Fie upon the world, then,

if it can ever think that odious thing in connection with this delicate, this humble, this simple soul! My father ever loved Christ's despised poor above all kings and emperors and nobles, and he valued more highly the privilege of giving an alms to one of them than a *commenda* in the Papal Order of Christ itself.

Herald as he was to the very marrow, I suppose that he never suffered such keen anguish in his life as his inability to use arms. There were no arms over the palace (which he subsequently bought) except those of the Fortiguerra family; no arms on the fine bindings of his rare books and codexes, save where they had formerly been the property of armigerous gentlemen; no arms over the sanctuary of St. Agnes near Todi (which had been bought by him at the Government auction and saved for ever from modern vandalism); no crest upon our simple solid plate, but only my grandfather's tasteless monogram; and, worst blow of all perhaps, no arms by which he might dignify his book-plate. A scholarly gentleman without arms is a helpless derelict, and my father was both scholar and gentleman. As a Brother of the Third Order of St. Francis he might have claimed (I

think) to impale the arms of the Order with his own arms. Yielding to a momentary temptation, he designed a book-plate in which the arms of the Order were placed upon a large Cross Tau, in memory of St. Francis' devotion to this meanest form of the Cross, and circumscribed by the legend, "Ex Bibliotheca Fratris Joannis Gulielmi Walshe de Assisio." But he saw the hollowness and vanity of this endeavour to cheat himself, and the five thousand impressions which came home from the printer were all destroyed. After that the book-plate took the form of a simple inscription: 'tis a tribute to his humility, in that it is a frank confession to the non-armigerous condition of the owner of the library. The inscription runs thus:—

EX LIBRIS

JOANNIS GULIELMI WALSHE

ASSISII, die . . . mense . . . An. Sal . . .



Sit nomen Domini benedictum.

Who was he? The thought pressed upon my father and troubled him. To look at him you would have said: a high-born gentleman, perfect in speech, perfect in manner, radiating refine-

ment, and ennobled by the added lustre of sanctity. And yet his father was engaged in the Manchester trade, occupied above all things about drills and twills, grey shirtings and bleached domestics. And this same father of his: he had been known for his fine bearing and distinguished manners, so much so that on the Manchester Exchange they had come to nickname him "the Duke." Whence had he sprung, then? "Gentleman," and that most emphatically in every extension of the every-day use of the term, old John Walshe most certainly was. But what is a gentleman? Every gentleman thinks he can detect another, even if he cannot define that most elusive of terms. But the science of heraldry is inexorable, and knows no doubt: only he is a gentleman who has the right to bear arms, and such a one is not only gentle, but noble. The right implies pedigree, unless the grant be personal: there was no question of a personal grant in my grandfather's case, and there was no pedigree forthcoming.

Yet my father had become blindly convinced that John Walshe must have come of an armigerous stock. How otherwise could he have been allowed to wed Maria Bodley, whose family

coat dated back far beyond the first Heralds' Visitation? Why did he not use his arms? Why did he conceal his origin? Here was a mystery which aroused all my dear father's keenest imagination. The mystery was great and dazzling; the solution could only be equally great and dazzling: John Walshe was not only gentle, he was titled; not only was he entitled to arms, but to supporters; not only to a crest which had shone resplendent at Agincourt, but to an earl's coronet which had been conferred by Edward IV.

You may remember that there were two titled families of Walshe—the Barons Walshe of Ecclesdale, a new creation, so we could dismiss that, and the Earls of Thornhaugh in Lancashire, which title had become dormant in 1799; and upon that we eagerly fixed as yielding most certainly the solution of John Walshe's origin.

It is true that in matters hobbyhorsical, Dame Logic deserts the most logical of her offspring, but let me marshal our evidence, and it will at once be seen how conclusive it was.

1. Manchester was in Lancashire and so was Thornhaugh; therefore my grandfather was a Lancashire Walshe. That was already much.

2. Walshe with an "e" did not exist in Lancashire outside the Thornhaugh family ; therefore my grandfather was one of the Thornhaugh family. John (that most uncommon of names) was a stock Thornhaugh name, and my grandfather's name was John.

3. My grandfather once got into a towering passion when questioned about his origin ; therefore his origin must be a subject of great moment.

4. My grandfather was nicknamed " the Duke ;" therefore, *a fortiori*, he must have claims to a mere earldom.

5. An old servant who had been in his employ before the days of his marriage had been heard to say that he was a " noble lord," and she could not have invented such a statement.

6. My grandmother, when interrogated on the subject, had looked mysterious and tried to laugh it off in her gossamer way, but had remained obstinately uncommunicative ; therefore there must be a great mystery behind it all if we have but patience to unravel it.

But, seventhly and lastly, we had one little bit of evidence that certainly was rather striking. The fourth son of the tenth Earl of Thornhaugh, who

died in 1702, was called David. This David had an only son called David, who in turn had a son called David. Of this last David we know that at the close of the eighteenth century he made a runaway match with a yeoman's daughter, and went to Lisbon, where all trace of him vanishes into thin air. We have searched the old English cemetery there, grave by grave, lest the entry of his burial should have been omitted from the registers, but in vain. There is no trace of him in the archives of the Legation or Consulate; if he had any children, they were not baptized by the English chaplain. When my father went to England after John Walshe's death, he brought back a few trinkets to which he attached no value, for he had not yet begun to ask who he was and who was his grandfather. But one of these trinkets is our prime piece of evidence. It is a small plain round brooch filled with plaited fair hair. There is something common about the trinket. It is just such a brooch as a farmer might have worn in his Sunday scarf; but to us it was of priceless value, for on the back of it is inscribed the mystic legend, "DAVID WALSH." What if there be no "e" to the name; that is the careless engraver's mistake, a perfectly natural mistake,

too, where so common a name as Walsh is concerned. The brooch contains the hair of my great-grandfather, David Walshe, who, if living in 1799, was lawfully the fourteenth Earl of Thornhaugh ; who, if dead, had left an infant, John, my grandfather, to succeed to his rights. It was all as plain as plain could be ; my grandfather was either fourteenth or fifteenth Earl of Thornhaugh, seventeenth or eighteenth Viscount Eldhurst, and twentieth or twenty-first Baron Walshe of Thornhaugh.

I remember one day, soon after he had initiated me into these mysteries, I held the precious trinket in my hands, and was turning the ugly little thing over and over, when I suddenly asked, "Have you ever had it opened, Dad?" Never in his devout and recollected existence have I seen him so shaken by human feeling. "No!" he cried in great excitement, "I have never even thought of it." He paused and glanced at me with obvious admiration and gratitude. "We will go over to Perugia to-morrow," he continued, "and have it taken to pieces by the best jeweller in the place." The jeweller's examination revealed a small folded piece of paper, with the date "16 Oct. 1798" written in a clumsy hand,

and "David's hair" scrawled below it. My father's excitement knew no bounds. "This is most important!" he cried, "most important. David did not survive the last Earl. Therefore your grandfather was fourteenth Earl, seventeenth Viscount, and twentieth Baron."

A great deal of time was given to the study of this subject, and some money was spent in travelling and pedigree-hunting. We never advanced a step further in the search, but my father being clearly satisfied that he was the head of the noble house of Walshe, began to amass a quantity of material relating to their family which would have astonished its dead and gone members. I have before me as I write a noble pedigree of the Walshes from 1211, in which John Walshe, the Manchester merchant, figures as the fourteenth Earl and himself as the fifteenth Earl. My brother and I appear simply under our Christian names bracketed as twins. He has not assigned to either of us the courtesy title of Viscount Eldhurst. And that, I suspect, because, with his mediæval mind and mediæval sympathies, he has not dared to say which of us was the elder, although the law would have allowed him to do so. To be logical, the elder

of twins is not he who was first born, but he who was first conceived, and who shall fathom that unfathomable mystery? Birth is of no importance as compared with conception; 'tis but the cause of a cause, and our ancestors, from a sense of logic and reverence, dated the Christian era from Our Lord's Conception on the 25th March, and not from His birth on the 25th December. In this reverent notation of time, Protestant England survived all Catholic Europe for a long while.

I protest that my father was absolutely indifferent to titles and wealth; that if he had had titles or greater wealth, they would only have been an inducement to him to be still more humble and simple. He had merely got it into his head that he must be armigerous, and that the Thornhaugh peerage contained the only likely clue to the mystery. That a herald like himself should have no arms, that so consummate a genealogist should be without pedigree, seemed absurd and unnatural. Had his researches led him to attach himself to the poorest of county families, he would have been equally content, for it would have meant arms. Nay, I go further, and protest that had Heaven revealed

to him that he came of but the humblest stock, he would have bowed his head without a murmur and cheerfully renounced the dream of arms.

I freely admit that such a foible as his may not be found amongst the acknowledged Saints; a great Saint would have seen the sin in it at once and have strangled the enchanting monster at its birth. But was my father ever conscious of the sin in it? In the first few years I am sure he was not (and that the Devil's Advocate will say was a defect); as time went on, I think he awoke to the vanity of his desires; probably he fought long and earnestly to justify them; but the vanity was doomed to death, and it died a sudden death in 1885. From that day all talk of the Thornhaugh peerage and the Walshe coat-of-arms ceased, without a word of repining on his part, and for the last fifteen years of his life even the Devil's Advocate could not have found the slightest flaw to cheat him of his crown of Saint.

In 1896, when visiting Liverpool (I will confess that I still believed in the romance and continued to hunt on my own account), a singular chance brought the discovery that John

Walshe had begun life as an office-boy in an extremely well-known Liverpool house. Following up the clue, I found that he was almost beyond a doubt the son of a South Cumberland farmer called David Walsh. This then explained the mystery of the brooch; 'twas probably the only relic he had preserved of his original surroundings. But how came my grandfather by the "e" at the end of his name, and more extraordinary still, how came he by his conspicuously gentlemanly bearing and speech? The "e" might have been tacked on to obscure his origin, and in the matter of bearing and speech, nature, as we know, occasionally perpetrates that rare fluke—the gentleman who is called after her. I told my father all. He bowed his head without a murmur. If he sorrowed at all, it was for time wasted in hunting after this world's vanities, and for having incited me to join in the chase. Half believing it myself, and thinking to hearten him, I started the theory that David Walshe, heir-presumptive to the Earldom of Thornhaugh, may have confided his son to David "Walsh," the Cumberland farmer, for mysterious reasons of state, as Prince Charles Edward is said to have confided his son on the Tuscan shore

to Admiral Allen. My father smiled and shook his head : “ *Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas*,” he said gently. That was the only time in the last ten years of his life that we ever alluded to our right to bear arms.

And as I write thus confidently, and when I remember the exquisite charm of my father’s manner, the subtle refinement of his whole being, I confess and do not deny it, that I am secretly inclined, in the face of all the irrefragable evidence, to believe in the theory of his noble origin, and to write him down fifteenth Earl of Thornhaugh, eighteenth Viscount Eldhurst, and twenty-first Baron Walshe of Thornhaugh.

CHAPTER XVI

MY FATHER'S SORROWS

My father had two great sorrows in his life, both of brief duration, and these two sorrows were his two sons. My brother Frank, of whom there has so far been no need to speak in this history, was of an exceedingly vivacious disposition. He loved my father dearly, but the quiet routine of our home life was irksome to him. He could settle upon no profession, and after trying six months in an engineer's shop at Blackwall, and six months in a tea-broker's in Mincing Lane, he suddenly returned home in a highly restless and excitable condition, announcing that he intended to go mining in South Africa. It was one of my father's first principles that young people should choose their professions and their wives, and he gave his consent, however sorrowfully.

But Frank lingered on at home. Month after month went by, and he continued to make excuses delaying his departure. He developed

a keen thirst for pleasure, and there is but little worldly pleasure to be had at Assisi, so he would be frequently over at Perugia to see the play and the opera. He was an exceedingly witty fellow and happy in his ready repartees. Naturally hilarious, the restraints of Assisi made him, by contrast, seem almost boisterous. The common people adored him, for he was prodigal of his bounty and genial as the sun at morning. The urchins in particular were ever on the look-out for the "Signorino Francesco." No man yet had ever seen him out of temper; he had a ready word and a ready jest for all, and an easy grand manner that fascinated the poor. There are no feastings in modern Assisi, or, like his great namesake, he would assuredly have been acclaimed King of the Revels. All this while, though he may have found religious practices irksome, he fulfilled his actual duties as a Catholic, and I do not think his faith was ever troubled by the shadow of a doubt. And although "scapegrace" was somehow written across his handsome face—perhaps by contrast with the religious tranquillity of the place and the sobriety of our home existence—I do not think, nay, I know, that, in spite of many

peccadilloes, he never fell into mortal sin. He was simply a youth of the highest spirits who had not yet found his vocation in life : that was all that was the matter with him. But it was a time of great sorrow and anxiety to my poor father.

He was to find his real vocation at length, and after a very tragic fashion. One evening he came home, having been out since early morning, as had too often been the case of late. His face was flushed, his eyes danced brightly, his whole demeanour betrayed a state of high excitement and feverish exaltation. Presently he announced with unnecessary defiance that he was going to be married. Alas ! he had formed a hot-headed passionate attachment for a girl of the people in the neighbouring village of C——, and being in reality of a most innocent and chivalrous disposition, he never had any other thought than to take the girl to wife. I saw her once : roguish, black-eyed, dimpling, with a great mass of black crimped hair, and dressed with all the coquettish simplicity of a peasant girl who knows herself to be a beauty. She had made havoc in many a rustic heart, and it was easy for me to understand how she had

fascinated my brother Frank. My father became very sorrowful and his apprehensions increased. It was another of his innocent first principles that young people should follow their hearts where love and marriage were concerned. This principle he now found put to a severe strain. He gently counselled waiting, and my brother as fiercely scouted all thought of waiting, and resolutely claimed a portion which would enable him to marry. So matters continued for a month, and a very gloomy, anxious, unhappy month it was. This was in the year 1885.

One wild March night, in the middle of a Lent which he had been observing but indifferently, my brother was brought home on a litter, unconscious, grievously wounded, and near death's door. He had been over to C—— in the afternoon, and had found the whole village in a turmoil. The girl whom my brother loved had been stabbed to death by a former lover, whom she had jilted when this grand young signorino came in her way. The murderer had made off, and the carabineers had been sent for. My poor brother, after raving like a madman, fell into a kind of lethargy, and it was after

dark when he roused himself to walk home. Not far from the village the murderer fell upon him and struck him dead, as he thought, then walked back quietly to the village and gave himself up to the carabinieri. How often it happens in Italy in these terrible crimes of jealousy that the executioner of justice, as he thinks himself, has not the slightest desire to shirk the consequences of his act. As often as not, he quietly and voluntarily surrenders himself to justice.

My brother lingered between life and death for a month. His was the vivacious constitution which naturally clings to life; he insisted upon living, and he lived. But it was months before he could be considered convalescent or was allowed to move. We had two Sisters of St. Vincent in the house all the time. How changed he was, to be sure, poor fellow, so pale and thin, so quiet and composed, so plucky and uncomplaining. He did not talk much, he did not read or care to be read to,—he simply lay there and dreamt, his fine eyes looking far ahead, for his dream was of the future.

Towards the middle of September he might

be called well again, and towards the end of September he astonished us considerably by announcing his intention of making a short retreat. He had never made a retreat in his life before, save at school. The quiet hermitage of Greccio, so dear to St. Francis, so redolent of the memories of him and his first companions, was the place he chose for his retreat. I accompanied him thither, and we had some quiet happy talk together before I left him to the peace of his narrow cell.

On the afternoon of the 3rd October he returned home unannounced. We had almost expected him, for the morrow was the greatest day in the calendar of Assisi, the Feast of our holy father St. Francis. On the evening of that day we all three went down to the Porziuncola to assist at the beautiful and touching service of the "Transitus." The Saint died about one hour after sunset on Saturday the 3rd October 1226,¹ and every 4th October

¹ The mediæval day did not begin with midnight, but with sunset. Now sunset on the 3rd October occurs at about 6.15, and St. Francis dying about an hour after this, would be considered to have died on the 4th, not on the 3rd October. It was really our Saturday, but it was their Sunday. Brother Elias, the Vicar-General, in his letter to the Minister Provincial of France announcing the event, clearly fixes the time of death,

his death is commemorated by the Frati of the Porziuncola, gathered round the very spot where Francis, a poor man and humble, entered into Paradise, clothed with riches and greeted by celestial songs.¹ After our evening prayers, my brother, who I had noticed was labouring under a strong feeling of pent-up emotion, went over to Mr. Walshe very suddenly, and before I rightly understood what had happened, he was on his knees, shedding a great flood of comfortable tears, pouring forth broken words of self-accusation and disjointed petitions for forgiveness. My father looked over towards me with a look that I had never seen in his face before; it said as plain as look could say: "Nay, 'tis I who accuse myself of never having

"Quarto Nonas Octobris, die Dominica, *prima hora noctis*." Now the first hour of the night is the first after sunset ("un ora della notte," they still call it in Italy), therefore St. Francis died on our Saturday the 3rd, on their Sunday the 4th October. See, if you would see something very interesting, the above-cited letter in A.S.S., tom. ii., Octobris, 649-652. My apologies are due to scholars for explaining this very elementary matter of chronology, but I hope that my friend's life of his sainted father is going to reach the general reader, and it is not every general reader who would know that a man might have died on the 3rd October although his contemporaries averred that he had died on the 4th.—M. C.

¹ "V. Franciscus pauper et humilis, cælum dives ingreditur.
IV. Hymnis cælestibus honoratur."

—*Versicle and Responsory of the service of the "Transitus."*

understood this son of mine ; 'tis I who, blindly wrapped in selfish pursuits, have driven him into temptation ; 'tis I who now most humbly ask his forgiveness." I went out of the room hastily, and left these two to a devout overflowing of the affections and a sacred interchange of confidences.

My brother stayed with us till the New Year of 1886. Then he started for the Jesuit Novitiate of ———. He had learnt his vocation at last. I may not, even by an initial letter, hint where this Novitiate was, because curious signs and wonders began to gather about his life, and now that he is dead there is a confused talk of introducing his cause for beatification. His life has been written by his Novice Master and Confessor : it is still in MS., and is likely to remain so until time mellows a little his extraordinary reputation for sanctity. There are two things of which the Church is always profoundly suspicious : a new Saint, and a new wonder-working Sanctuary. The Holy Office, with that chilly prudence which characterises it, has shown itself more than usually cold to the spontaneous local cult which immediately sprang up round the young

Jesuit's memory. There were cases in which people had got hold of his photograph, and had lighted candles before it and asked his intercession. A local artist, taking the features from the photograph, had represented him in cassock and cotta, with lily and crucifix, something after the manner of St. Aloysius or St. Stanislas Kostka; a local lithographer had reproduced the picture in the form of a *santino*. The cult took striking local proportions, and the picture was venerated in private oratories, and above all in obscure attics. But the Jesuit Fathers loyally seconded the Holy Office, and these extravagances have died out. Every now and again there is a recrudescence of the devotion when the rumour gets about that another miracle has been effected at the grave of Brother Francis Walshe. Cures certainly have been effected at my brother's grave; they may not be miraculous; but what then? Surely if the ailment of even one incurable hysterical village girl have been cured by devotion to a holy soul, is it not reason to exalt all places of pilgrimage, and to bless God in His angels and in His saints? Brother Francis Walshe died on the 15th June 1888, two years and

a half after he entered upon the Religious life. His grievous wound continued to give him serious trouble, and he never really overcame its dire consequences.

My father's first great sorrow was therefore turned into a great unlooked-for joy ; one of his sons had become a Religious, and was even held to be a Saint by Christ's poor, whom he so greatly venerated. Would that I could be equally sure that his second great sorrow had turned into joy as great and abiding ! When my brother Frank announced his intention of becoming a Jesuit, I suppose it was the greatest surprise that Mr. Walshe ever had in his life. Had he come of a Catholic stock, or mixed more with commonplace Catholics, he would have known that it is always the merry sons and daughters who become priests and nuns ; only a cheerful disposition can stand the strain of a self-denying life. But he was by temperament inclined to think that the graver the disposition, the greater the likelihood of a religious vocation ; and because I was sedate and addicted to books, he had early marked in me all the signs of a promising ecclesiastic. It would have been easy for me to show him that there was far more selfishness, far more harmful

pleasure, in my absorption in study, than in all poor Frank's opera-going and love of entertainment. That he soon came to know, alas! but for years, I am sure, when he would be gazing at me in his gentle dreamy way, he was clothing me now in the Benedictine, now in the Franciscan habit, now tonsuring my head to the shape of the Dominican, now to the Capuchin corona, now vesting me in the rough cloak and tunic of the Passionist, now in the antiquated cassock of the Barnabite or the Oratorian, and, as a last resort, even in the modern cassock of a secular priest. This was his great dream, and, the dream being for the most part passed in prayer, it became his fixed idea.

Moved by my great love for him, influenced perhaps by the mystic force of an idea that was for ever welling up in a pious soul that was for ever by my side, I did go to the English College at Rome with a view to preparing myself for the secular priesthood. I was twenty-three years of age at the time, and his quiet happiness knew no bounds. I struggled on there for a year, much enjoying the studies, it is true, but at the end of that time I came back home again, having obviously, and especially in the opinion of my

superiors, not a shred of a vocation for the priesthood. My father received me with open arms ; in the simplicity of his soul he believed that I had not flown high enough, and that I was intended for a Cistercian, a Trappist, or perhaps even a Carthusian !

I settled down again happily to our quiet life at home, becoming more sedate and studious than ever, and becoming (I think) more than ever useful to him. I used to go rather frequently to England. My grandmother had died in 1879, leaving the bulk of her fortune to her son. My father was now, comparatively speaking, a rich man, and he was ever most open-handed in his allowances to us. I began to make friends in England, and to mix with literary and scientific men. That was a kind of intoxication to me. They found me full of information that was new to them, and talked to me willingly enough. To be sure I thought them a strange set ; but if I was astounded to find that the wisest of them did not know the difference between a monk and a friar, or a martyr and a confessor, or an amice and an amess ; if not one of them could tell me the distinction between *in bend*, *on a bend*, and *bendways* ; if all of them thought that the United

States flag contained thirteen stripes and not six ;¹ if none of them knew who was the lawful king of France or Portugal, nor what was the constitution of the Republic of Andorra ; if not one single one of them understood what Universals were, and all of them took substance to be a solid and form to be a shape ; if nearly all were innocent of a course of logic and none could have passed an elementary examination in the Penny Catechism—yet I was, I confess, even more astounded at my own abysmal ignorance of all the questions that were agitating this strange big modern world, from which I had been so long, and, as I now think, so happily secluded. I was in the position that no student likes—I was out in the cold. And so to warm myself I read a host of books which destroy ; writers who give

¹ An odd number of stripes or bars in heraldry is impossible, and indeed "unthinkable." The United States flag has six white stripes on a red ground ; its correct blason is gules, six bars argent. I once explained this theory to a United States Consular Officer, pointing out to him that by the error of a foreign painter the shield over his official residence contained *twelve* stripes. "Then, according to you," he answered with true Transatlantic acumen, "if there had been one more stripe on that shield, there would have been six less?" His reply was smart and witty, but he was no herald, and to this day he remains obstinately convinced that the true flag and shield of his country contain *thirteen* stripes. 'Tis an age in which people insist upon trying to think the unthinkable, Mr. Walshe would have said.—M. C.

hope of future building out of the old materials mixed with new ; writers who leave standing the old buildings but rob them of all ornament ; writers who would pull down all buildings and have men return to the chill fastnesses of the cave-dwellers. And I confess it, my soul began to take a secret delight in these things. At least I could speak with *connaissance de cause* at the —— Club and at Mrs. ——'s famous Thursday evenings.

At the end of 1888 I came to England for my father. I was to collate five codexes for him, four at the British Museum and one at the Bodleian. Sticking to it closely, the work would have taken me from three to four months. It was work I loved, and I loved working at the British Museum above all things.

But my work proceeded very slowly, and the old delicious savour went out of it very soon. Somehow or other I got a wonderful reception in London. Somehow or other I seemed to have got known. Yet they could not point me out as a "great" writer or a "great" poet. (All the writers and poets I met in those days were "great.") I suppose I was a kind of curiosity to them, the possessor of a new unknown tongue

in that Babel of voices. Engagements and invitations came in upon me thick and fast. If I worked at the Museum from ten to twelve, or from ten to one, it was as much as I could get done. I began to take an interest in two of their chief concerns—different kinds of wine and different kinds of food, and I wasted time and my father's money in the giving of dinners which were praised. I took ever so naturally to late hours, and went to see "great" actors at the theatre and "stars" at the palaces of song. And such leisure as I could squeeze out of this life at high pressure I devoted to reading the "great" works of "great" men, and such aspirations as were left me in this atmosphere of moral suffocation, aimed at striving after the "greatness" acclaimed by the modern world. Nay, I deliberately planned, and even commenced, a modern realistic novel with an unsavoury foundation, while my father's solid, wholesome, useful work lay neglected in my portmanteau.

Small wonder, since I would have it so, that my faith made shipwreck in the tempestuous tossing of those turbulent waters. If a cork that dances seawards in the hurly-burly of a foaming, whirling stream were but endowed with consciousness,

how delightful its sensations of varied motion, how sweet the security of its lightness and imperviousness, how intoxicating the rush over a roaring cataract! In some such fashion did I dance down the giddy stream of the season's pleasures, until the waters receded and some wayward eddy carried me up high and dry upon a rocky bed, lost to life and every useful purpose. But if I lost the faith in which I had been nurtured, no man can say that it was by a process of calm reasoning. "A bad life and a good religion," says Laurence Sterne, "are soon parted," and the day came when I said to myself and to others, "I am no longer a Catholic." All that I can say in my defence is that I adopted no known "ism." I started an "ism" of my own. It has an old name and is called Pyrrhonism, but it was, I think, a Pyrrhonism of my own.

I may call it constructive Pyrrhonism (and that is not quite so paradoxical and topsy-turvey as "constructive Anarchism," which I have heard spoken of). I doubted the certainty of all things, but I did not deny the possibility of certainty. Shall I be understood when I say that I professed to find the logical position philosophically intolerable, and the philosophical

logically impossible? He who denies, just as he who affirms, ceases to be a genuine doubter. I found myself defending the real existence of phenomena on the ground that we cannot prove with certainty their non-existence. I declined, of course, to accept their existence as theoretically proved, but on the whole I behaved like a reasonable being. I had more sympathy with affirmation than with denial, because, as I contended, so far as history went, affirmation was older than denial, and though I could not admit that the intellect had any sufficient criterion for either, affirmation, I was ready to grant, was the superior dream of the two. I also found myself strenuously defending the Catholic Church on this very ground that we have not sufficient certainty to deny anything. My defence made some impression. If I had spoken as a Catholic, men would have called me partial and a bigot. Not a soul of them would have listened to me. Now, when I defended truth in the name of doubt, I succeeded in removing many a false impression. It was here that my Pyrrhonism became constructive to some purpose.

A year passed, and I wrote and told my father that I was no longer a Catholic. It was a cruel

thing to do: my very Pyrrhonism would have justified silence while I was at a distance from him, and not called upon to deny my doubt by any Catholic act of faith. But I was blinded by the whirl of intellectual London, and, without knowing it, my moral fibre had become relaxed and weak. He wrote me a letter—such a letter as I cannot destroy, but please God no human eye shall ever look upon.¹ It was the cry of a heart about to break—the cry of a heart suddenly abandoned by God. The Pyrrhonist card-castle came toppling about my ears, as I hastily made ready to return to Assisi. I saw it even then; I saw it more clearly later on: this Pyrrhonism of mine was but a sorry attempt to justify a bad life by an intellectual process. 'Tis the commonest of all snares. The educated sinner has a need of putting an intellectual gloss upon his sin. I was sincere in my denial of the faith, but what availed sincerity if the denial had been brought about by a gradual moral deterioration?

¹ I found among my friend's papers a sealed envelope bearing this inscription:—"I put it upon the conscience and honour of the person finding this envelope after my death to burn it immediately without having broken the seal." I do not doubt that the envelope contained the letter above referred to. I watched the smoke of it going up the great chimney of the study in Assisi, and fear the world has been a great loser by its destruction.—M. C.

But let all that pass. I hastened home to undo the evil I had done, and I found a pair of loving arms stretched wide to receive me. I fell into that dear embrace, and in the Latin which was to him as the speech of heaven, I cried aloud : *Pater, peccavi in cœlum, et coram te, jam non sum dignus vocari filius tuus.* But he murmured in my ear with the sound of laughter in his voice : *Adducite vitulum saginatum, et occidite, et manducemus, et epulemur : quia hic filius meus mortuus erat, et revixit ; perierat et inventus est.*

From that day there was never a shadow of division between us. He gave up all thought that I was intended to be a Religious, and I settled down again into the quiet life beside him. He had become my vivifying principle, the light of my understanding, the life of my life. But if the life of my life be taken from me, what awaiteth me but the relief of a speedy death ?

CHAPTER XVII

MY FATHER'S STUDIES—OF SOME OF HIS THEORIES

I DO not propose in this brief memoir to say much of Mr. Walshe's studies. To each of his works I have prepared, or am preparing, an introductory essay, in which his discoveries, the thoroughness of his methods, his great patience, his high purpose and indomitable perseverance, will, I hope, be sufficiently manifest. He was overflowing with imagination and full of sentiment; but, thanks perhaps to his logical training and bent, his method was always severely critical. Indeed, the desire of proof positive is a note almost too much accentuated in his works, and in the interests of art I could wish it were less pronounced. Only in the *Life of St. Clare* has he given rein to his devout fancy; he has put his real imaginative self into the work; and the result is a little masterpiece. Really he was a great artist though he would not see it, or was too timid to use his wings. Be all this as it may, his works will remain a perfect mine of fact, while his treatment

will stand out as a fine model of the right uses of reason and imagination.

His views on the sources of the Life of St. Francis were common-sense and traditional, and he believed that these views thoroughly stood the test of modern criticism. He did not regard the *Legenda Trium Sociorum* as a fragment, or if a fragment, he did not think that any more of it had ever been written. The *Speculum Perfectionis* he did not regard as the entire handiwork of Fra Leone, nor as having been written as early as 1227. But these and kindred matters will be found fully treated in the volume on the "Sources" appended to his Life of St. Francis.

Although a traditionalist, he was no blind, but rather a most discriminating, follower of tradition. When inexorable fact dooms a tradition to death, what else is there for the honest man but to accept inexorable fact? But Mr. Walshe certainly did deprecate, more especially on the part of Catholics, any unseemly rejoicings round the grave of a defunct tradition, claiming instead Christian burial and a little decent mourning for many an old friend who had never hurt a soul, and had consoled a countless multitude. He was, in his gentle way, genuinely grieved at the eager-

ness of some of his co-religionists to kill and have done with the famous prophecy of St. Malachy regarding the Popes. Of course he bowed to inexorable fact: he was ready to admit that the prophecy was a forgery or conceit. But then he was able to soar into regions far above the modern critical destroyer: in all his reflections and deductions he never lost sight of the fact that God was Almighty. With regard to these prophecies, though originally a forgery, he, with his devout imagination, believed that God had made them come true as a reward for the great faith of the people in them, and to take away the reproach of His Elect among men. And this surely is a soundly common-sense view. Indeed, how can it be otherwise? Is it possible to believe in mere coincidence when we have "Pastor Peregrinus," for Pius VI., who was chased from his throne and died in exile; "Aquila Rapax," for Pius VII., who was despoiled and carried away by the Napoleonic eagle; "Crux de Cruce," for Pius IX., whose heaviest cross came from the cross of Savoy; "Lumen de Cœlo," for Leo XIII., who has most conspicuously been a light to lighten them that sit in darkness. The prophecy for the next Pope

is "Ignis ardens," a burning fire. While daily praying that the light from heaven might continue to shine upon the earth for many years to come, Mr. Walshe's hope was that the burning fire might scorch and dry up the ugly liberal tares which some enemy, with an over-heavy hand, had of late been sowing in the Lord's vineyard.

One of his reasons for settling at Assisi was that he might enjoy the use of the fine library of the Friars Minor Conventuals in the great convent of San Francesco. As early as the middle of the fourteenth century the Friars had turned a part of their rich store of codexes into a public library for the use of students. The library continued to exist even after the heartless suppression of this historical convent in 1866. But the convent being destined for a college for the education of the sons of Italian teachers and schoolmasters, the library was found to be in the way, and the printed books were packed into cases until a home could be found for them. They remained in these cases for twenty-five years, and it was not till 1900 that they were placed upon shelves in the handsome Palazzo Vallemani. And note further, and never forget,

that the friars were despoiled of their property in the name of the advancement of learning. For very shame it was impossible to subject the rare codexes, containing what in Mr. Walshe's day was the only known codex of the second Life of Celano, to the same treatment. These were placed upon shelves in a dark and dusty little room of the municipal palace, without any of the appurtenances of study, and the difficulty of consulting them was only sweetened by the unfailing courtesy and kindness of the librarian, Professor Leto Alessandri (may his name live for ever!).¹ Even now the printed books are unprovided with a properly referenced catalogue, and the pleasures of study in the Communal Library are diminished—to men of conscience, at least—by the trouble to which they have to put the kindly librarian in supplying their wants. I cannot pretend that Mr. Walshe was seriously inconvenienced by his inability to consult the printed books; his own library contained Franciscan rarities which did not exist in any of the libraries of Umbria. I

¹ M. Paul Sabatier has commented roundly on this state of things. "Même avec la complaisance à toute épreuve du conservateur M. Alessandri et la Municipalité d'Assise, il est très difficile de profiter de ces trésors empilés dans une chambre sombre sans une table pour écrire." *Vie de S. François*, p. xxxviii.

do but mention the fact to show that the spoliation of the Religious Orders was not an unmixed benefit to mankind and learning.

Although my father became more and more immersed in Franciscan studies, he never narrowed himself exclusively to this branch of historical learning. In matters of heraldry, palæography, and bibliography he was thoroughly up to date, and he kept abreast of the events of the time, more especially of the daily palpitating events of modern Church history. He was never deep in science, but by his knowledge of logic he would often hit upon a fallacy in the pet conclusions of modern scientific men. Scientific men, he was wont to allege with great truth, lost one half of their influence for good, and wasted one half of their energy, for want of a proper training in logic. And logic, he would add, gave the ecclesiastic one half of his superiority in influence over the scientific man. His only quarrel with science was that its votaries, from Galileo downwards, would not recognise that it was confined to a mere province, but would for ever be introducing themselves into provinces with which they had no real concern. A great man of science, at all events among the moderns, was, he would say,

seldom a man of great science. Nay, had not one of them even usurped the word "sermon" to drive home his favourite conclusions? It is impossible for me to convey, in all its nice ramifications, the confusion of mind he could see and analyse in such a term as "Lay Sermons," when used by a scientific man. If there was a fallacy in his argument, that did not detract from the deft neatness and completeness of its structure.

In philosophy Mr. Walshe was, I will not say a follower, but an intense admirer, of Duns Scotus. The very title "Doctor Subtilis," enjoyed by the great scholastic, was the highest of which my father could conceive where the human intellect was concerned; the "Angelic" of St. Thomas, the "Seraphic" of St. Bonaventure, seemed to him rather to qualify matters which were above the intellect, theology rather than philosophy; the "Irrefragable" of Alexander of Hales referred rather to a result than to a quality such as the subtlety of Duns. But perhaps the secret of his leaning to the founder of the Scotists was a natural propensity which he had to believe in Universals *a parte rei*, or the real existence of Universals outside of the mind which reflected

upon them. To establish the real existence of Universals seemed to him the highest flight of which the human intellect was capable, and he realised all the importance of the theory. From this theory he would prove, in the subtlest fashion, a doctrine most important to Catholics, namely, that there can be matter without extension. The appearance of Leo XIII.'s Encyclical *Æterni Patris* in 1879 constituted for him, loyal son of the Church as he was, a tacit condemnation of the extreme Realism of the Scotists, and he was never afterwards heard to advocate his favourite theory. But he was too well versed in scholastic philosophy to suppose that the exaltation of St. Thomas meant the wholesale condemnation of the great Franciscan doctors.

As a consequence of his Realism, he had developed a theory which, so far as I know, was peculiar to himself: he was inclined to believe in the real, and not the merely theoretical, existence of mathematical lines and points.

"A point," says Euclid, "*is* that which has no parts, or which has no magnitude." But if it "*is* that which," it exists: therefore that which has no parts or magnitude has real existence.

"A line," says Euclid, "*is* length without

breadth." But if it *is*, then it exists: therefore length without breadth, though invisible, has a real existence.

"The extremities of a line are points:" therefore the terminations of length without breadth have neither parts nor magnitude.

"The extremities of a superficies are lines:" therefore (and this is the most important of all, for a superficies has an objective and visible existence) a certain material body, called a superficies, is bounded by invisible boundaries, which are themselves terminated by that which has no parts or magnitude.

Here we have the theory in a nutshell. It is simply that every material substance is bounded, and therefore shaped or formed, by invisible lines having the real existence predicated by Euclid. It is a new application of the scholastic concept of "form"—form not being the shape of a thing, but the invisible power which gives it one shape rather than another. But just as the scholastics regarded "form" rather as a power or essence interior to every object, so in Mr. Walshe's theory "form" was an exterior power (and, though exterior, yet as invisible as the interior "form" of the scholastics); nothing less,

in fact, than invisible mathematical lines, acting upon, compressing, and holding in their place every material object. I have no skill in such metaphysical matters, and do but lamely present a theory which, whether true or false, is surely not without sublimity. True or false, it outdoes the Subtle Doctor in subtlety. By it the invisible, not the visible, is the all-important factor in the universe, and the grossest material object takes its shape from a force not seen. Moreover, if true, it proves that there may be matter without extension. Nay, by showing us that our material existence is shaped and determined by that which has no parts or magnitude, that there is magnitude which is invisible, may we not arrive at some glimmerings of the profoundest truths of the Athanasian Creed, at a faint understanding of the astounding and incomprehensible doctrine of the Trinity of Three Persons in One God?¹

¹ Of course the point plays a more important part in this system than the line. The line, if invisible, has at least the material quality of length. The point determines where a line shall begin and where leave off. Therefore that which has no parts or magnitude controls that which has length. If invisible lines having length give shape to all visible bodies, points without magnitude determine the length of those lines; therefore points are more important than lines.—P. Æ. W.

CHAPTER XVIII

MY FATHER'S INNER LIFE

My present task, which to many will hardly seem begun, is drawing to a close. I come to the last ten years of my father's life, about which much might be said and the most, but about which I shall say little and the least. It would need the pen of the born hagiographer, humble, holy, and ascetic as his subject, to draw the true picture of these ten years of a saintly existence. I have tried to sketch the life of John William Walshe, the scholar; I shrink from writing the inner life of a venerable servant of God. And yet something must be said, if only for his honour and glory.

One night in May 1890—it was the feast of St. Augustine, Apostle of England; but, indeed, the feast of St. Philip Neri had already begun, for the great clock of San Francesco had already struck the six strokes of midnight—I heard the faintest uncertain tinkling of a bell outside my door. In our primitive old palazzo,

the bedroom bells rang on the landing and not down below stairs. My bedroom was at the head of the stairs, and the bells were placed just outside my door. This faint uncertain quivering tinkle, for all the world as if caused by a gust of wind down the passage, most assuredly came from my father's bell. I stepped out into the corridor with a candle and looked up at the bell. The tongue of it was quivering and dancing at a great rate, but the tinkling had ceased. My first thought was that a bat might have become entangled in the wires. I walked along the landing peering upwards: the tinkling of the bell began again even more decidedly, and I could hear the wire that ran along the passage quivering and creaking. A feeling of anxiety came over me: there was a bright light coming from my father's room, just as I had seen it when I was a tiny boy. I hurried to the end of the passage and gently knocked at the door. No answer. I knocked again three times, the third time very peremptorily. Still no answer. I opened the door hastily and entered.

"Just God!" I cried, "and dost Thou love Thy servant so much as this?" My feeling of alarm had given way to feelings of veneration

and deepest, consuming, awe-stricken reverence. There I saw him, standing at the end of the room, with arms wide outstretched. The finger-tips of the right hand were just, by chance, touching the bell-rope. His face was towards me; the eyes were upturned, the lips just smiling, the whole expression and bearing such as you have seen many a time in pictures of the Saints, save that he was standing and not kneeling. There could be no doubt about it; my father was in a rapture, caught out of himself by the loving arms of God into that seventh heaven of bliss which His Saints alone are privileged to visit during this earthly pilgrimage. I went over to him and reverently took one of the outstretched hands in mine: he neither moved nor stirred; the arm was quite rigid. I put my arms round him and looked up into that dearest face; his eyes, though fixed, were soft and shone brightly. I then laid my head upon his shoulder, and sought to join my unworthy soul to his while he was so perfectly conjoined to God. Now and again I would whisper in his ear, calling him by endearing names that I had used in imaginary conversations, but had never dared to utter to his face

because of the odd little barrier of shyness that there was between us. And still he did not move. I laid my head back upon his shoulder, and I may have been in that position about three minutes, when I heard him give a great sigh; the Holy Name escaped his lips; I felt the muscles of the body relax, and his hands were upon my head gently stroking my hair. The touch of those holy hands, new quickened with celestial fire, seemed to infuse into my soul a new felt peace and bliss. I was too happy to raise my eyes to his, and that long embrace was the sweetest savour of Paradise that I had ever tasted in this valley of tears.

When I did look up, there was a gentle wonder and perplexity in his face. "How came you here, Phil?" he asked. "But you've been crying, boy," he went on with sudden concern; "you're in trouble! Tell me, what is it, what's the matter?"

"I am in no trouble, father," I answered. "I never was so happy in my life. But I heard your bell ringing——"

"My bell!"

"And I knocked at your door three times, and getting no answer, I came straight in, thinking you might be ill. You were——"

He put his hand over my mouth involuntarily. "Hush! hush!" he said beseechingly.

"You were praying, father. You were——"

"Stop, stop!" he implored. But though his humility was most touching, I did not stop. I went on and told him all that I had seen, and how I knew that he had been caught up out of himself, after the manner of the Saints, into the loving embrace of our dear Lord. The last thin remnant of ice between us melted away utterly, thawed by the flames of that divine and mysterious rapt in which I had found him. I went on and told him more and more. I told him how as a child I had watched at his door and seen him scourge himself; how I had seen him at prayer, too (though, to be sure, his prayer at that time was far removed from the ecstatic state), and how I had early noted all his devices and ruses to mortify himself unseen. Nay, I went further—and it was then that he pressed me very close to him—I went further and asked to become a fellow-conspirator with him. I offered to assist him to mortify himself; I said that not a soul but I should know; that we would have no servants waiting at meals; that I would eat off two plates to ensure the pious

deception, while he should dine off bread and water.

While I was pleading thus earnestly, my eyes happened to glance over at the bed. I leapt to my feet in something like anguish. The mattress had been taken off and put underneath the bed, and there were now but bare boards for him to lie upon. Human compassion got the better of me ; I forgot my promises to aid and abet him in his efforts to mortify himself unseen, and with tears in my voice, and a filial bitterness born of love, I reproached him for his cruelty to himself. It was but a passing and natural feeling ; the next moment I was lost in amazement and admiration at the saintly father whom God had given me.

My father was subject to ecstasies or raptures all the rest of his life, but usually at night-time, when he had gone up to his oratory for those prolonged night-watchings with God. The raptures were slight as compared with such great ecstasies as the Blessed Ægidius or St. Michael of the Saints ; usually they lasted but five or six minutes, and seldom, that ever I saw, more than a quarter of an hour. Now and again, if our talk had got upon any particularly intimate aspect of holy

things, such as the Sacred Heart, the Precious Blood, the Holy Wounds, or the Sacramental Life of Our Lord, he would suddenly go off into a rapture in the study where we sat. He struggled hard to prevent these ecstasies coming down upon him, having the humblest dread that people should discover the divine favours with which Providence visited him: sometimes he could succeed; sometimes the force of this divine ardour could in no way be repelled. During the last ten years of his life we had a chapel and daily Mass in the house; it had become dangerous for him to go into a church; there was no saying that some word in a sermon, some phrase in the Mass, some verse in the Divine Office, might not superinduce a rapture. He now became a daily communicant. The ecstasy would frequently come upon him after communion, but by that time the servants had already left the chapel. Until the last year of his life no one had ever seen him in a rapture except myself and his spiritual director, a Benedictine monk, who also said our morning Mass. In that last year he went into an ecstasy one day that we were paying a visit to St. Clare's Choir at St. Damian's, and several of the Fathers and some

peasants saw him. The same thing happened a little later on down at the Porziuncola in the chapel where St. Francis died. This, I think, was his favourite shrine in all Christendom after the Holy Sepulchre and the House of Loreto. I ought to add that it was after he became subject to ecstasies that he conceived and wrote his exquisite little "Life of St. Clare."

Some day I may try to write the "Inner Life of John William Walshe." For the present I would gladly be spared saying anything more about it. So greatly do I reverence the holy life of these last ten years, that perhaps I should have dwelt upon it almost exclusively if I had never known the dread corrupting whirl of London life. I shudder at the thought of laying bare to the public gaze the hidden life of one who, in his last days, had so completely embraced the folly of the Cross. Ay, there's the rub—folly! Much of his life would seem mere foolishness to the world, and I confess, and do not deny it, that I shrink from a delineation of this folly, although I know all the while that it was a source of rejoicing among the angels who are in heaven. But let all that pass. My present concern is to make known to the world an unknown scholar by giving some faint

outline of his life : some day I may try to tell more intimately the life of a nineteenth-century Saint.

From the day that I surprised my father in a rapture I did aid and abet him in his mortifications, and his life became doubly austere. The relations between us were at length of the most familiarly affectionate nature. But I abused the hold I had over him, and there were days when, noticing with a pang at my heart that he was more than usually worn with fasting and watching, I would sternly command him, just as if I had been his spiritual director, to dip his bread in the broth, or even to eat an ounce or two of meat. When in his gentle way he tried to refuse obedience to my commands, I would tyrannically threaten to tell the world that I knew he lived on bread and water and slept upon boards. In this way I did sometimes succeed in mitigating a little the severities of his life, but whether to the good of his soul, Heaven alone knows. There are, and Heaven knows that too, only too many natural obstacles to mortification in these days. I may have been wrong in resorting to the artificial check that was so often found necessary in a fervent past. The increase in the austerities of my father's life only served to increase the sweet-

ness of his disposition and his love of all mankind. *Pertransiit benefaciendo*: he went through the world doing good, and relieving suffering, upon the slightest hint, without inquiry. To Christ's favoured, the poor, he ever had a most tender devotion. He especially loved to help a family that had come down in the world; such families, as a rule, had some pride, and did not blazon their benefactor's kindness to the world. There is many a pensioner of his scattered up and down fair Umbria. He was, moreover, a great benefactor to monasteries and convents, not only in keeping starvation from their doors, but also in helping them to re-form their libraries after the law of spoliation. One of his dearest desires was to buy back the great Convent of San Francesco at Assisi and restore it to the Order. This he could have done for £20,000, but that he did not consider himself entitled to leave so large a sum away from me.

Mr. Walshe had many pious practices of his own which all belong to his inner life. I have already mentioned that, as a Franciscan Tertiary, he daily said the Office of the Church, or rather of the Order. In addition to this he read, on alternate Sundays, the whole Psalter

or the *Medulla Psalmodiæ Sacræ* of the Abbot Blossius; every Wednesday he said the Office of the Dead; every Saturday the Office of Our Lady; every Thursday an adaptation of the Office of Corpus Christi in honour of the Blessed Sacrament; every Monday seven of the principal litanies, always including the Litany of the Saints; every Tuesday the beloved Blossius' *Endologiæ ad Jesum*; and every Friday he made the Stations of the Cross, either in church at some unfrequented hour, or in the chapel, or before a crucifix specially indulgenced for that purpose and in the gift of Cardinal Mertel. He never let a day pass without saying the whole of the Rosary. He had, moreover, a special Litany of the Saints of his own, in which he delighted to do honour to the more recent Saints, such as St. Leonard of Port Maurice, St. Paul of the Cross, St. Alphonsus, St. Benedict Joseph Labre (a particular favourite with him), the Blessed Clement Hofbauer, the Blessed Leopoldo da Gaiche, the English Martyrs, the Ven. Anna Maria Taigi, the Ven. Pallotti, the Ven. Jean Baptiste Vianney, Curé of Ars, and so forth. He had, in fact, instinctively, the greatest devotion to all the Saints and Blessed who had

lived more recently upon earth, seeing in their formal elevation to the altars the most signal proof of the Church's claim to be considered "Holy." Here I may mention that he had several times, when at Rome, seen Father Bernardine of the Incarnation, perhaps the greatest ecstatic of modern times, and had often been to confession to him. After the holy Friar's death, my father declared that his beatification would only be a question of the time which the strict discipline of the modern Church requires should elapse ere a servant of God may be publicly venerated by the faithful. Father Bernardine came in for no mean share of informal honours, and his canonisation, outstripping time, was proclaimed by the most infallible barometer of sanctity in this world, the voice of Christ's poor in Rome.

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 Cetera desiderantur.¹

¹ I regret to say that my friend has put his pen through the remainder of this chapter, and I am bound to respect his wishes. May I be allowed to add a word of my own about Father Bernardine? The modern man of the world says that Saints no longer exist because he has seen none, nay, heard of none. Is he quite sure that he would know a Saint if he did see one? Does he move among the people who would be likely to hear of Saints?

And does he know that he has to deal with a quality which by its nature seeks to hide itself, and most frequently succeeds in the endeavour? Of the myriad tourists to Rome, of all the candid readers of this memoir, I wonder how many there are who have so much as heard of Padre Bernardino dell' Incarnazione? My friend Philip Walshe refers to him as if all the world must know him ; I know the world better than my friend, for all his worldliness. Padre Bernardino was born at Terracina on the 1st May 1819 ; his name in the world was Filippo Vicario. He entered the Order of the "Crutched Friars" in 1835 and became priest in 1842. The greater part of his life was spent in the convent of San Crisogono at Rome, the headquarters of the Order. He was the apostle, the confessor, the preacher, the father, the friend of Rome's dwellers in the slums ; that was his public life. In his private life he was an ecstatic. I have myself spoken to several credible witnesses who have seen him in the state of ecstasy, or, more properly speaking, rapt or rapture (my friend has incorrectly used the two terms as if they were synonymous). In his feeble old age he could only creep along the cloisters by the help of the wall ; his youth would suddenly be renewed like the eagle when the rapture came down upon him. Padre Bernardino died so recently as the 12th September 1893, and his death was the occasion of a great popular outburst of devotion. The poor broke down his confessional, from which they had so often been sent away comforted and refreshed, and tried to pull it into little bits for relics ; they invoked his intercession ; they lighted candles before his picture. (Fortunately some enterprising modern has taken a snapshot of him while in a rapture.) But the Holy Office intervened, and all these excesses have died away. Much material for his Life has been accumulated, but the Life has not yet been published, and all the printed matter I ever saw relating to so great a servant of God consists of a couple of funeral sermons.—M. C.

CHAPTER XIX

MY FATHER'S DEATH AND BURIAL

I THINK my father died of the love of God. He so loved God that he could not live without Him; the *Summum Bonum* simply drew the spirit out of his body. The wings of his soul were ever ready spread for a flight into the celestial realms: he took his flight quite naturally into what had become, to him, the natural element. Certainly the doctor could give his last brief illness no name, and spoke vaguely of the heart. He was right enough, it was the heart, and the ailment is called nostalgia, and the home that he lay pining for was heaven. To be sure he was physically very weak. I knew the secret of that well enough; his mortifications and austerities had latterly told severely upon a wasted frame.

On the eve of the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, the 28th June 1900, but again it was past midnight, his bell over my door rang out distinctly. There was no quivering or tinkling

this time, but a distinct pull, a jerk, and yet, I know not why, there was something unnatural in the sound. For one thing, my father had never once been known to ring his bell in the night-time. I was in bed at the time, but I hurried, just as I was, with bare feet, along the marble corridor: the light which I knew so well shone bright under his bedroom door. I did not knock, but entered abruptly. He was kneeling in his night-dress by the bed, kneeling upon the end of the mattress which had been half pulled on to the floor: this time he was in no rapture, but in a faint. I realised at once what had happened; in trying to lift the heavy mattress off the bed so that he might arrive at his nightly couch of boards, his strength had failed him and he had fainted. He was far away enough from the bell, and most assuredly his hand had been nowhere near it. Be that as it may. I lifted the slender motionless body into a chair, hastily rearranged the bed and put him in it; and then I flew downstairs with my bare feet to the dining-room and mixed a little weak brandy and water. I poured it down his throat, and the dose immediately revived him. He opened his eyes and gazed at

me placidly for a long while; the eyes were still as hazel bright, still as big with wonder, as clear with innocence, as childlike, as in Sir William Boxall's portrait; the thick auburn hair had turned to a soft silky grey, the face was as white as Castellina alabaster. Never had I seen him so beautiful. There was no look of death upon the face, but a look of departure, of departure from the life which, through death, leads to the life without end; he was half an angel already; the cherub's wings were already bursting through the chrysalis of the human body. He stirred and took my hand in his.

"How came you here, Phil?" he asked, just as he had asked on that night when I had surprised him in a rapture. "What is the matter? Are you in trouble?"

"I'm in no trouble, father," I answered. "But I heard your bell ring."

"My bell!"

"I feared you might be ill. I came into the room and found you kneeling by the bedside. You had fainted. I lifted you into bed and fetched you some brandy and water."

He pressed my hand affectionately. "Dear father," I said, "you are ill?"

"Nay, lad," he answered gently, "I'm not ill. I am well . . . well . . . well." He mused a long while again. "Phil," he went on presently, "my *transitus* is nigh at hand. I shall never again see the Feast of St. Francis, nor the Feast of Santa Chiara, not even the Octave of this Feast of Blessed Peter. Next Monday is the Visitation of Our Lady, and I think that I too shall have a visitor on that day. By the compassion which moved our Heavenly Mother to visit her cousin St. Elizabeth, may she too accompany my visitor. Pray for me, Pippo boy!"

I kissed his hand; he had not the strength to prevent me, but gently murmured his disapproval.

"There is but one favour I would ask of you," he went on. "Forgive me, forgive me all my shortcomings towards you. Say after me, 'Father, I forgive you all the wrong you ever did me; I forgive your selfishness; I forgive your misunderstanding of me.'"

"Father!" I cried choking, "I bless you! May God for ever bless you!"

"Nay, lad," he answered with gentle impatience, "you do not say it aright. Say, 'Father, you have never really been a father to

me, but I forgive you; father, you have mis-managed me, but I forgive you; father, when I was a boy you neglected me, but I forgive you; father, you have been the cause of all my sins, yet I forgive you, I forgive you, from the bottom of my heart!' Say all that, Phil, I beseech you!"

"Dear father!" I cried again, as well as I was able, "I bless you! I bless you from the bottom of my heart! May God for ever bless you! May our dear Lady and all Saints and Angels bless you! May our holy father St. Francis give you the seraphic benediction now and in the hour of your death!"

"Forgive me, Phil, forgive me!"

"Dear Dad, God bless you, God bless you!"

And in this loving duel we continued about the space of a quarter of an hour, and as often as he said "Forgive me," I answered "May God bless you" and I was as powerless to say "I forgive you," as was Frate Leone to speak evil of Frate Francesco, even when commanded to do so under holy obedience.

Presently he dozed a little and his mind wandered. I think he must have been back again in the apple-tree cradle or the Hoole

class-room, or the "laura" on the sandhills, for once I heard snatches of the Psalms in English fall from his lips, and more than once the pious ejaculations which had sustained him in the martyrdom of his childhood and boyhood.

He awoke suddenly and looked at me with, as I thought, a tenderer love than ever in his eyes. "Pippo, Pippo, boy," he said, "what are you doing here? Why aren't you in bed? Go to bed! Go to bed!"

"Not until you are asleep, Dad," I answered. "How are you feeling?"

"Well, well, well!"

"Shall I read to you?" I asked.

"Do so!" he replied gratefully and eagerly. "Or better still, if you will,—put out the light, come close to me, and say me a psalm or two."

I did as I was bid, and leaning over the bed beside him and holding both his hands, I began the Psalms from Compline, for I was sure of knowing them by heart: *Cum invocarem ex-audit me Deus justitiæ meæ: in tribulatione dilatasti mihi.*

Before I could go on he had taken up the

second verse: *Miserere mei: et exaudi orationem meam.*

And so we went through all the four Psalms of Compline together, and I vow that I had never before drawn so much sweetness and consolation from a religious exercise. When we had done with the psalms, he went on naturally with the rest of the Office and said the hymn, *Te lucis ante terminum*, and the chapter, *Tu autem in nobis es Domine, et nomen sanctum tuum invocatum est super nos: ne derelinquas nos, Domine Deus Noster.*¹ But when we began the Versicles and Responses, "*In manus tuas*," he could go no further, but kept repeating with every accent of loving desire, "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum . . . Redemisti me, Domine Deus veritatis . . . Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto . . . In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum. . . . In manus tuas . . . in manus tuas . . . in manus . . . in manus*" . . . until there came down upon him, not ecstasy or rapture, but gentle, sweet, refreshing sleep. I lay down

¹ Jeremiah xiv. 9.

on the bed beside him and myself slept most peacefully, nor did either of us awake until San Francisco struck one after sunrise, and that means seven in the morning.

It was the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, as I have said, and he wished to rise and go to Mass. Never, now for more than thirty years, had he missed Mass on a Sunday or holy day, seldom, indeed, on a week day. I forbade it resolutely and sent for the doctor, though that, to be sure, was a mere form. He lay all day propped up in bed tranquil and happy. With his help I managed to say with him the Office of the Feast in alternate verses. This caused him the greatest content. "Why have we never said Office together before, Phil?" he asked. Why indeed? Is it not passing strange that there should always be a certain undefinable shyness between relatives about things spiritual?

I had a bed made up in his room, and never left him for an instant, save for useless conferences with the doctor. On the morning of the 30th, having first made his confession, he

received the Blessed Sacrament with every manifestation of fervour, joy, and gratitude, and remained a long while absorbed out of himself in that paradise of interior delights in which his soul had so often kept holiday. Again we said the Office of the day together, the Office of the Commemoration of St. Paul. It took us some hours: he paused often and long as if drinking in the very marrow of those glorious psalms and noble antiphons. When we came to the Chapter at Lauds, *Bonum certamen certavi: cursum consummavi, fidem servavi*, he lay back a long while in meditation and began to reason with himself, sometimes aloud, "*Fidem servavi*, yes, yes, I have kept the faith, but *bonum certamen certavi*? Ah, God forgive me all my sins!" I roused him at length by continuing with the hymn, *Exultet Orbis gaudiis*. I had asked the doctor in the morning whether Extreme Unction should be administered, but he had shrugged his shoulders, being ignorant of the symptoms of paradisaical nostalgia. In the afternoon my father himself settled the point. "Phil," he said, "I expect a visitor on Monday

as I told you. I must be prepared to receive him or repel him whichever may be God's will. Tell Don Feliciano I would wish to receive Extreme Unction to-morrow morning."

In the morning he again confessed himself to his spiritual director, and again received the Lord into his bosom in a most familiar entertainment. At ten o'clock old Don Feliciano, the parish priest, arrived, bearing the holy oils and accompanied by a serving boy in cotta and cassock.

"*V. Pax huic domui,*" said the old priest, in the words of the rite, as he entered the room.

"*R. Et omnibus habitantibus in ea,*" answered my father.

My father followed the beautiful opening prayers with every sign of attentive devotion, now and again sighing with deep contentment, as, for instance, at the words, *adsint Angeli pacis*. Then Don Feliciano anointed him with the holy oils on the eyes, the ears, the nostrils, the mouth, the hands, and the feet, accompanying each anointment with a prayer, and absorbing the oil with a piece of cotton-wool. Then he turned to me and said, "Is he too ill?"

Can he bear it? May I?" But I knew not what he meant. My father knew well enough, and answered for me. "Nay, I am well . . . well . . . well," he said. And so he was anointed also on the loins.¹ Then we all said the Penitential Psalms together, and the Litany of the Saints. And afterwards, as if refreshed by the Holy Sacrament, he passed the rest of the day in an extraordinary peace and tranquillity.

Early on the morning of the 2nd July he called me to his bedside and told me that his visitor would come in the evening. For the first time he talked to me of myself, of my future, my prospects, my inheritance, and he also gave me some very practical directions about his MSS. Then he made a long general confession, in which, I dare avouch, there was no mention of mortal sin, and for the last time upon earth tasted of the heavenly banquet. He was visibly weaker. I read the Office of the

¹ The rubric provides that this part of the rite shall be omitted (for the Church is nothing if not practical) where it might be a source of danger to the patient. And can it, I wonder, be necessary to add that it applies to men only, and not to women?

Visitation to him, but he took next to no part in it, save to utter a world of sighs. At one o'clock a telegram arrived from the Holy Father giving him the Benediction *in articulo mortis*. The blessing was a source of great joy to him, and he kept repeating as if it were an article of faith (which indeed it is): "He is God's Vicegerent, he is God's Vicegerent upon earth."

At four o'clock he asked that the prayers for the dying might be said. A dear Franciscan friend from the Porziuncola had come up; another dear friend from St. Damian's; there were several Fathers from San Francesco present; and two Capuchins from the close-lying *Domus Orationis*. Altogether about ten ecclesiastics took part in the touching and beautiful ceremony. I would that they could have checked their sobs, but Heaven gave me strength to maintain my composure. When the prayers were over he asked to be left alone with me, and after a while begged me to read the Passion according to St. John, but from cap. xiii. *Ante diem festum Paschae*, which, you may remember, was the Gospel that St. Francis asked might be read to him on his

bed of death. After that he had a slight shivering fit, and I soothed him as well as I could. It was obvious now, for the first time, that he was sinking rapidly. About seven in the evening, his mind evidently still full of the death of St. Francis, he began the recitation of the 141st Psalm,¹ *Voce mea ad Dominum clamavi*; and when he reached the last verse, *Educ de custodia animam meam ad confitendum nomini tuo*, he sat upright in bed, without any effort, as if his spirit were poising for its last flight. I put my arms round him, though he needed no support, and his own arms went out as if to embrace some dearly loved object just before him. "*Ave dulcis Jesu!*" he said softly; "*ave! . . . ave! Jesu carissime, Jesu mellitissime, Jesu dilectissime, ave! . . . ave! O Domine mi, adoro te, glorifico te! Ave, ave dulcis Jesu . . . ave! . . . ave!*" After he had breathed this gentle salutation—and this was most strange—his arms, which had been stretched out in front of him, opened wide and stiffened. At the moment of dying

¹ 142nd in the Authorised Version. St. Francis died as he was saying the last verse of this Psalm.

he had fallen into a rapture, and in that rapture his soul passed away, drawn up by the loving arms of God into His sweet everlasting embrace.

We dressed his body in the Franciscan habit, which, as a Tertiary, it was his right to wear, though he never wore it in life. Don Feliciano placed a wooden crucifix in his hands, but erect, with Our Lord looking straight down upon His smiling servitor. The funeral took place upon the afternoon of the 4th July. It was, by his wish, of the simplest character. The Brothers of the Archconfraternity of the Stigmata managed every detail for me. May God bless them! A large concourse of people had assembled outside the house. Just as the procession was about to move off, one of our white pigeons, which had been whirling overhead, flew down towards the coffin and then up again, and then down till it almost touched the hearse, and then up again, no one saw whither. The Umbrians are an imaginative people; moreover, they have in their midst some of the noblest examples of Christian art. “È lo Spirito Santo!” said a voice, awe-struck, and the word quickly spread

along the crowd. "Did you see that dove? 'Twas the Holy Ghost! I always told you he was a saint!"

My father lies buried in the little Campo Santo at Assisi, within sight of the tomb of his beloved Saint. He is, I believe, the only Englishman buried there, but when it pleases God, I am ready to lie down and sleep beside him. What else have I to do now that he is no more? He was the life of my life upon earth, my living pledge of the life to come, my soul's desire, my heart's delight, my refuge and my comfort, my rock and my sure haven, my peace and my great content, and I would fain have done with this life and be conjoined to him for ever in Paradise.

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